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ASTOR, LENOX AND
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"How Beautiful Upon the Mountains"

★ PUBLISHERS' WEEKLY.

THE GALAX GATHERERS

THE GOSPEL AMONG THE HIGHLANDERS

BY

EDWARD O. GUERRANT

Belvoir, Wilmore
Jessamine County, Kentucky

Edited by His Daughter, Grace

PUBLISHED BY ONWARD PRESS
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RICHMOND, VA.

LOVINGLY DEDICATED
TO

Him

"WHOSE I AM, AND
WHOM I SERVE"

A FOREWORD

This is not a *Novel,* which its name might suggest, but the *truth,* which is sometimes "stranger than fiction."

These are *real* people and places, and not figments of the imagination.

The partiality of friends is largely responsible for the publication of these random notes, written while travelling and preaching through the mountains.

They were not written for pleasure or profit, but for the Glory of God and the salvation of His long-neglected children in the Highlands. Both objects are worthy of a better advocate.

Dr. Dabney said of these Highlanders, "They are the most distinctly American stock on the continent."

And Dr. Talmage recently said, "The inhabitants of the mountains are the last of earth's children who shall yield their hearts to the conquering march of Christ." "Win the Highlanders for Christ and you win the world for Christ."

No nobler object could engage our hand and heart. That you may share in this great work and *its* glorious reward is our humble prayer.

Our thanks are due to Drs. Lilly, McCorkle, Patton and Bryan, and Professor Gordon and Mrs. Mary Hoge

Wardlaw, Mrs. Judd and Mrs. Wells for their contributions.

But especially to my companion and amanuensis, my daughter, whose faithful help made the work possible, I owe more than I can repay.

Commending these simple annals of the Highlanders to God and His children who love Him and their fellowmen, I am sincerely,

Your fellow servant.

EDWARD O. GUERRANT.

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INTRODUCTION

REV. DR. W. W. MOORE,
Union Theological Seminary, Richmond, Va.

Some years ago, wishing a practical article of a certain type for one of the issues of the *Union Seminary Magazine*, I requested Dr. Guerrant to furnish it. He wrote me in reply that it had not been his specific mission to write the Gospel but to preach it, and seemed to imply that he had no special skill with the pen. For love of his *alma mater*, however, he granted my request and sent the article desired. The readers of that article and of the various articles descriptive of his evangelistic tours in the mountains, which have appeared from time to time in our church papers, do not need to be told that he was quite too modest in his estimate of his gifts in this way, and that his style as a writer is no less individual and striking and effective than his style as a speaker, which is saying a great deal, as all know who have heard him preach. The same underestimate of his gifts with the pen would have prevented him from ever publishing in more permanent form what he calls "these little field notes concerning the mountain work," and it is only to the filial admiration of his devoted amanuensis and cöworker that we are indebted for the appearance of this volume. The author gave his consent only when assured by her and by others who knew their value that the publication of these wayside notes would help the cause for which they were written and

thus glorify God in promoting the education and salvation of those long neglected Highlanders whom he so earnestly desires to help to a better life on earth and a better home beyond it.

There are some men who have never given a minute's study to the technique of authorship, but who know how to write, as a bird knows how to fly. Robert Louis Stevenson, himself a carefully-trained author, writing to Dr. John Brown of the fame he had won and the friends he had made by the apparently effortless production of that English classic, *Rab and His Friends*, says:

> "Ye scarce deserved it, I'm afraid—
> You that had never learned the trade,
> But just some idle mornin' strayed
> Into the schule,
> An' picked the fiddle up and played
> Like Neil himsel'.
>
> Your e'e was gleg, your fingers dink;
> Ye didnae fash yersel' to think,
> But wove, as fast as puss can link,
> Your denty wab:—
> Ye stapped your pen into the ink,
> An' there was Rab."

So with Dr. Guerrant. He stapped his pen into the ink, and there was the American Highlander,—with his little cabin and his large family, his hard poverty and his deep ignorance, his spiritual destitution and his eager response to the preaching of the pure gospel. These quick, short, unstudied sketches bring before us the region and the people with a vividness that any professional writer who ponders over his phrases and

carefully polishes his periods might envy. No waste of words—no beating about the bush—no leisurely approach—swift and straight he goes to the heart of his subject. The opening of Tom Sawyer is not more abrupt or effective than that of the sketch entitled Bear Creek. Yet there is a poetic vein in him which ever and anon crops to the surface as he revels in the beauty of God's world, as where he speaks of "the great mountain with its autumnal dress of crimson and purple and gold, and its rich, dark mantle of balsams around its giant shoulders." And there is a quaint humor that twinkles in the most unexpected places, as where he says of a remote and forlorn settlement, "We felt lonesome here. But the Lord had promised to go with us 'to the end of the world,' and as we had reached that place, we claimed that promise."

As Sir Walter Scott by *The Lady of the Lake* and *Rob Roy* made the Highlands of Scotland known to the world and turned an endless stream of tourists through those romantic regions, so Dr. Guerrant, by these sketches, has helped to give to the world a true knowledge of this vastly greater and wilder Appalachian region with its four millions of untutored and un-Christianized people, and has done more than any living man to turn a saving stream of evangelists and teachers into its remote and needy recesses. He has been in turn Soldier, Doctor and Evangelist,—these three,—but the greatest of these is Evangelist. His heart has responded to the sore need of this vast region, as large as the German Empire, and practically without churches, Sabbath schools, or qualified teachers. He has recognized clearly that this Home Mission work is

the paramount obligation resting upon our people. He has himself for twenty-five years labored there as his other duties have allowed him opportunity. Seeing that he and all the cölaborers he could secure from his own church were quite inadequate to the stupendous task of giving the blessings of education and religion to this great territory, he called upon all other Christian people to help. And the real significance of this volume to the Christian conscience is that it is throughout a rëiteration of that call. For, notwithstanding all that has been done, the field is yet almost untouched; there are many thousands yet unreached; and as Dr. Guerrant says, "the question is not whether they can be saved without the Gospel but whether we can be saved if we do not give it to them."

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Congregation on the Watauga

The Galax Gatherers

Probably Solomon, who said there was "nothing new under the sun," was acquainted with the Galax Gatherers, but I must confess they were new to me, until I went to the North Carolina Alleghanies. A word about this interesting people may not be unwelcome.

On my way to their lofty mountains, I stopped to see Rev. R. F. King, our faithful Evangelist in the hill country of East Tennessee. Leaving the railroad at Piny Flats, in Sullivan County, I was driven several miles over the green hills to White's Store, where I expected to preach in a large school-house at Rocky Spring. Brother King was awaiting my coming, and clever Mr. Burkey gave me a nice home and a Tennessee welcome; I could wish no better.

This region lies in the "forks" of the Holston and Watauga Rivers, and though nothing but rocks and hills, it is picturesque. The people, though mostly in humble circumstances, are thrifty and industrious. Mr. Burkey told me he handles some ten thousand chickens a year, eggs without number, and a considerable quantity of walnut-kernels. This industry was also new to me.

The congregations soon crowded the spacious school-house, and though quite unwell, I managed to preach morning and night for ten days, omitting one day, and sitting down to preach one day, when too weak to stand. The weather was very hot, but the patient people came

in crowds. One day Mr. King took me down deeper into the Fork, to Deer Lick, where I preached to a school-house crowded with a deeply interested people. After the sermon nearly every one came up to confess the Savior. Another day we went even beyond the school-house—to Smokey—and preached in the open woods, beneath the great oaks, to a large crowd, seated on the rocks, on boards and on the ground. Here again God touched many hearts, and they confessed the Savior with tearful joy. It was good to be there, in such good company, with God and His poor children. These are some of Brother King's many preaching points. On Sabbath morning, I preached the last time at Rocky Spring, to a large congregation. At the close, twenty-five young girls and women came forward and publicly confessed the Savior. It was a strange and beautiful sight, the like of which I had never seen. There was not a single man or boy among the number.

While the Gospel is freely offered to all, the majority of the saved will be girls and women, as far as I have observed.

I was glad to learn that a benevolent man (Col. Gregg) had left $6,000.00 to build a nice brick church here for these poor, but worthy, people. I was sorry to leave them, but remembered there was One who will never leave. That Sunday night I went to Brother King's home and preached at the old church, "New Bethel," founded one hundred and twenty years ago. It is a large church, and was crowded to the doors, with a fine congregation. I expected it, after one hundred and twenty years of training in the Confession, the Catechisms, and sanctified with the memory of the Doaks,

the Kings, the Hodges, the Bachmans, and other mighty men of God, who have here proclaimed the Gospel. It was an honor to preach in that pulpit.

But I must go on to the Galax Gatherers, before you get impatient. Leaving Brother King, doing the work of two men, in a big Missionary field, I crossed the rapid Watauga, at DeVault's Ford, Sunday night, and rested there half a day. That evening found me in Johnson City, and Tuesday morning on the new railroad, through Unicoi County, and up the Nolachucky River, into North Carolina. On the train I met Brother Cochrane and his family, from Bristol, going to rest awhile at Unaka Springs. I only wished I had time to rest awhile myself. But Cecil John Rhodes said "So much to do, so little done," and I went on. We will rest in Heaven.

East Tennessee, the Switzerland of America, is beautiful: with its emerald hills and quiet vales, and lofty mountains and limpid streams. If one had nothing to do but enjoy himself, I don't know a better place, in summer.

Some thirty miles brought us to the Gorge, where the Nolachucky cuts its way for twelve miles through the great Unaka Mountain, of solid rock, some five hundred feet high. It surpasses the gorges of the New River and the French Broad, and is longer than the Cañon of the Arkansas through the Rocky Mountains. It is awfully grand. The building of the railroad here is a triumph of skill and hard work. Emerging from the Gorge, we are in Mitchell County, North Carolina, on the beautiful Estatoa River (here called the 'Toe). This is the same river as the Nolachucky, but when it passes

into Tennessee it changes its name. At Green Mountain, the present terminus of the road, clever Mr. Bowditch met me with a saddle horse and, we rode and walked some seven or eight miles up a rough road along the rapid river to the school-house, where our Missionary, Miss Elizabeth McPherson, is teaching some sixty bright mountain boys and girls. Here Brother Harris, the Bishop of the Estatoa, met me and helped me faithfully for a week. Though quite unwell, I preached twice a day, for several days, to a large school-house crowded. This is called "Loafer's Glory," but I am glad the loafers have departed, and the glory of mountain and valley still remain. It is indeed a grand country. Even the deep valleys are 2,400 feet above the outside world, and the old Roan Mountain looks down from its throne, 6,334 feet up in the sky. More than twenty years ago I preached on that mountain top, the first sermon and perhaps the last. How time flies, and the mountains remain, hoary with the passing centuries, and still unchanged and godlike.

One day I had the pleasure of a ride over Gouge's Hill to Bakerville, the county seat. It is a clean, quiet little village of nice homes around the court-house, and Gudger's hotel, an ideal summer resort, when the railroad comes.

On Sunday morning, Brother Huddleston, of the Methodist Church, filled his appointment at the school-house, and I had the pleasure of hearing an earnest sermon. I preached at night, and again Monday morning and night, when sixteen men and women came forward and confessed Christ and gave their names to Brother Harris to organize a church. Some others had joined

before, for all of which we thanked God. Mr. Bowditch gave a beautiful site for the church, and the generous people subscribed over $300.00 to build the first church there in that cozy mountain hamlet. Those who know Brother Harris will expect it to be dedicated in a few months.

Being too weak to preach longer, I reluctantly bade good-bye to clever John Stewart, my good host, and his kind family and friends, and turned my face towards my home beyond the Cumberlands. But I will not go, before I add a postscript and tell you who the Galax Gatherers are.

This is their native country, and the galax is a wild foliage plant which grows on the bleak sides and summits of the big mountains of North Carolina. It has a rich green color in the summer, which deepens into a splendid bronze as the winter approaches. These leaves (about the size of a colt's foot) are used in the homes of the rich people in the cities for decoration. During the fall and winter, the poor people find employment and small compensation in gathering the leaves and selling them, at from fifteen to twenty-five cents a thousand. It is a hard way to make a living, especially when snow and ice cover the mountains, and when the leaves are most valuable. Probably none who enjoy their gorgeous foliage in a stately mansion ever know what labor and sacrifice and suffering these leaves cost the poor Highlanders.

But there are compensations in all things. They live in God's royal presence on the great mountains, where red blood, and ruddy cheeks, and sinewy limbs are

made, and pure thoughts and noble impulses and high aspirations are born.

The Lord of glory Himself was born, and lived and died, among the Galax Gatherers of the holy mountains beyond the seas. It is a privilege and pleasure to preach to them the same sweet old story He first preached on the mountains of Galilee, and last preached on the sacred mountain at Jerusalem.

This is the mission of the Soul Winner Society, whose seventy missionaries are carrying this blessed evangel to thousands of humble homes in the Alleghanies and Cumberlands.

GLENCAIRN.

This is a little mountain hamlet in the most romantic Cumberlands. I guess some Scotchman named it, though most anybody could have put the Glen and Cairn together in a name, as God had done in nature. It is a wild and beautiful cleft among the old sandstone mountains, just wide enough for a little, clear stream, and some small, humble cabins between the beetling rocks.

The mountains were covered with their gaudiest dress of crimson and gold, as if for a feast instead of a funeral. The white shroud of winter will soon replace this gorgeous gown of the autumn; and this fact took me there to see two noble women, who are working in our mission. We knew they had lived through the summer in an open ranch, which would not turn the snows or storms of winter. They did not complain, but counted it all joy

to endure hardships for Him, who endured death on the cross for them.

There is no church in the country; and when I preached there the little school-house of the Soul Winners' Mission could not hold the people, so we adjourned to a saw-mill shed, half a mile away, and it was filled with eager listeners, who stood a storm which beat in upon them from the unprotected sides of the big shed. They were the same "common people" who heard the Savior gladly on the mountains of Galilee.

In front of the little cabin of our missionaries stood a lofty cliff, over five hundred feet high, where many birds of prey built their safe eyries. Behind the cabin, a tall mountain shut out the view. The forest enclosed it on either side, so that the only open view was up toward God and heaven. It was well that they could see that way, for all their hope and help must come from Him. Lizzette, the younger, a graduate of Converse College (that noble school for girls in South Carolina), walked for miles between the cliffs and over the mountains, to conduct a mission-school, alone, and visit the sick, and carry the "glad tidings" to many humble homes along the narrow valleys. One month she walked over a hundred miles—there was no road to ride on, and no horse to ride. His "jewels" are gathered in such glens.

Her aunt, a most accomplished woman, who spent years in the easier Spanish missions, taught her school nearby. The little school-house was just big enough to hold two dozen children—as bright and pretty as any I ever saw. Led by Birdo, they romped up and down the glen as free as the air, and as gentle as the fawns of their native hills. No such teacher as Mrs. T. had

ever been in that wild glen, and all Glencairn loved and honored her and Miss Lizzette for their self-denying labors of love.

The approaching winter sent Miss Lizzette to her far-off Southern home in Texas, but her elder sister came and took her place, as companion and helper to her aunt. I knew that they could not endure a Kentucky winter in the open cabin, so I went to see what could be done for their comfort. I was glad to find that an open-handed and big-hearted mountaineer, who had two cabins, had turned one of them over to our missionaries, free of rent. Of course it was a poor home for such women who had been reared in luxury. It had no ceiling, no fire-place, no carpet, no mattress, no papering—only naked walls of unhewn boards and a bedstead, Miss Lizzette had made. But they did not complain, but set about fixing it up to keep from freezing. Miss Annie had turned a corner into a wardrobe with some rough planks and bought some muslin to cover the bare walls. Some noble women at home promised to send them a carpet for their room and something to cover the spare-room, where the little school will "run" all winter. I am sure the Lord, who clothes the lilies and feeds the ravens, will not forget His faithful children at Glencairn, or anywhere else.

I have told you this simple story, to show you and others, that God still has a people who love Him and His poor children, and who are glad to endure hardness for Him who endured the cross for them. The martyr-spirit still lives in hearts, even in timid women. We have many such noble women in these great mountains, teaching the way of life to hundreds of the poor,

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Miss Rivers' School in Patrick County, Va.
Three Years' Growth

but grateful, children of the hills. One I know, who has never seen a church since she went into the mission field, now almost three years ago. Their reward is in heaven. Have you a part in this noble work?

"There comes a time in the future near,
When this life has passed away,
When these needy ones will stand with me
In the light of the Judgment Day.
When the angel reads from the book of life,
My deeds for that great review,
If the Lord should speak and accuse me there,
I wonder what I should do?

The Son of Man, with his angels fair,
Will sit on the great white throne;
And out of the millions gathered there,
He will know and claim His own.
If he says to me those words I've read
In that Book so old and true,
'Inasmuch as ye did it not to these,'
I wonder what I should do?"

Settle that great question now, so He may say to you: "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world; for I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger and ye took me in; I was naked and ye clothed me."

A WEEK IN THE MOUNTAINS OF OLD VIRGINIA.

By the kindness of some of my ministerial brethren, I was permitted to preach a week recently in the mining-

camp on Tom's Creek, in Wise County, Virginia.—Some account of that interesting field may not be without its lessons to those unacquainted with their neighbors.

I left my home on Tuesday, October 3d, and passing through the Cumberland Mountains at Middlesboro, arrived on the second day, at Norton, Virginia, above Big Stone Gap. Here I was met by Rev. F. E. Rogers, the evangelist in charge of this field.

If you don't know how a pelican of the wilderness feels, go as an evangelist to the mountains, one hundred miles beyond all who know and love you. I need not say we were glad to see each other. "Sheep among wolves" need no introduction. But I was not quite so much a stranger as I thought, when a bright young fellow walked up and shook hands with me and said his name was Reese Bowen, son of Col. Tom Bowen and Augusta Stuart, and grandson of Gen. Reese Bowen, of Tazewell County, Virginia. Some twenty years ago, when he was a lad, I preached his little sister's funeral at his grandfather's old home, at Maiden Spring, Virginia. I was surprised and gratified that he remembered me. I guess heaven will be full of such glad surprises. After dinner, Brother Rogers and I set out for Tom's Creek, twelve miles farther down the Norfolk and Western Railroad, among the red mountains of old Virginia.

If you were never in a coal-mining camp, you will have to go there, for a description of the dust and smoke from two hundred and fifty coke-ovens, and of the noises from engines and cars, and dinkeys and larreys, and tipples, and men and horses, and mules, and three thousand people of all colors (white is not a color) and sizes and

tongues. The little and big houses were scattered for two miles in the narrow valley and along the mountain sides along Tom's Creek, which is the name for a river of black coal-dust. We were fortunate enough to get our room at one house, and our meals at another; one of Dr. Barr's flock, who has wandered away into these mountains.

There is not a church here (for three thousand people), and no place to preach, except under a chestnut tree, or in a little school-house. We took the school-house, only because we couldn't warm the other place. It was half a mile of railroad tracks, and cars, and locomotives, up to the school-house, but many of the people came farther, and we did not complain, or get killed. Some thirty came out the first night, but they gradually filled up the little school-house, though many had never learned to go to church, for want of opportunity. The religious destitution was pitiful. In twenty-two families, I visited one day, I found only about a dozen persons who had ever belonged to any church. They received me kindly in their humble homes, for most of them were Virginians. Indeed, of the fifteen hundred men there at work, only some thirty are foreigners (Hungarians).

Brother Rogers worked faithfully under the greatest disadvantages. The men were at work from 7 A. M. to 6 P. M. in the mines and ovens, and digging and hauling, and building two hundred and fifty new coke-ovens. Everything was in a rush, except the church. Money, and not souls, was the object of all, but a few, a remnant of Israel who had not bowed the knee to Baal. A little prayer-meeting at 9:30 A. M., of half a dozen good women, held in one of the cottages, helped us preach at

night. The congregations and interest increased from day to day, in spite of the dark nights, and the tired bodies of the laborers, and the little uncomfortable school-house, without a breath of ventilation. Some of the wandering sheep were gathered back into the fold, the seed sown in many a heart that responded its acceptance, and all the results left with God, whose word never returns to Him void. The harvest will come bye and bye. Pray for God's faithful laborer in this great and destitute field; he needs much assistance and encouragement, and I am sorry I could not remain with him a month instead of a week. A month's work here would doubtless gather a rich harvest of immortal souls; but a place must be provided for the preaching, and earnest, prayerful effort made to reach these multitudes of neglected people.

While here I took the opportunity to revisit Gladesville, the county seat of Wise County, Virginia, where I joined the Confederate Army, February, 1862, thirty-seven years ago. I had ridden from my home, in central Kentucky, with a lot of other boys, across the one hundred miles of hostile mountains to the Southern Army. We found the old general in Gladesville, a little, mountain hamlet, 2,300 feet up on the Cumberland plateau, and there we enlisted for "three years, or during the war," to fight for old Virginia, the land of my fathers. It is eleven miles from Tom's Creek, but a good horse soon climbed the Guest's Mountain, two miles up to the plateau, and nine miles along it, to the little mountain town. The scenery beggars description. Nature had on her gayest autumnal dress of crimson and gold, and the gorgeous panorama, painted by the great Artist,

stretched away over blazing mountains and valleys, beyond our utmost vision. Only a few houses and fields of red heather broke the solemn and awful monotony of the wilderness.

The last time I passed this way, thirty-five years ago, I rode with John Morgan and two thousand brave men, on our last Kentucky campaign. How changed the scene! Now, only God and the old mountains remain.

A lone boy was lazily grinding sorghum in a mountain dell, and reminded me that I first tasted it, in this very country, during the war. It was sorghum or no sweetening then. By 10 A. M., I reached the old war-town of Gladesville I first saw thirty-seven years ago. Only two of the houses, and not a living soul, remained of its war-time inhabitants. What a lesson on this transitory life! Only two houses and the old hill remained of the Gladesville I knew. What memories they awakened; what of good and ill, of joy and sorrow, of victory and defeat, are crowded into those thirty-seven years! But God was in them all, and through them all His loving hand has led me!

I need not say I was lonesome in Gladesville, though the little town was wonderfully improved. A splendid court-house has taken the place of the old barn of one, we used as a hospital; and many handsome homes have taken the place of the little cabins. But the men and places I knew were gone, the army wagons and mules, the cavalry, and infantry, and artillery, the clanging sabres and spurs, the burnished guns and bayonets, the sick and wounded soldiers, were all gone. Tom Hayden's bugle was silent; the drum had sounded the last tattoo; the camp-fires were all out, and the boys had

struck their tents, and most of them had pitched them beyond the river of death. I was not happy in Gladesville; it was a cemetery to me, and I did not stay long. But I found the dismantled old hotel, and the room where the general made me a soldier, and begged a piece of the wood to take home, as a memento of days "sacred to the memory" of many brave men. In the room above, where noble Captain Hawes kept the money to buy hard-tack and cotton clothes for the "boys," I found these words on the wall, in pencil:

"Look and see where you are going, O soul of mine! You are travelling to eternity, and when thou art there, will it be in heaven or in hell! Be careful, O my soul, for while thou art in the flesh is the time to serve the Lord. Watch, therefore, for in an hour when we think not the Son of man cometh; so beware, O my soul."

Where that traveller is now, only God can tell. It was probably written by a soldier, and I hope he is in heaven. But I weary you. After dinner, at the hotel of Mr. Richmond (grandson of General Richmond, of Lee County, Virginia), with whose father and uncle I served in the war, I took my departure,—the rear-guard of the grand army which served under Marshall, and Williams, and Morgan, and Breckenridge, and Giltner, and Clay, in this part of the Confederacy.

As I passed over the hill, I took a last look at Old Pound Gap, in the Cumberland Mountains, through which we passed so often, and the quiet village in the valley, with its thousand memories of the dead years, and the heroic men who people those years in my heart; I knew better then what Byron meant when he wrote words like these:

"I feel like one who treads alone,
Some banquet hall deserted;
Its flowers all dead, its lights all out,
And all but me departed."

Hoping to meet those guests again, where they never part, in the land where the light never goes out, and the flowers never die, I am yours faithfully.

IN THE NORTH CAROLINA ALLEGHANIES.

I guess you do not often get letters from this altitude, —this "land of the sky,"—where rivers are born. This may give my letter a chance to see out into the world below.

For some years we have had a number of faithful missionaries (of the Inland Mission) at work in these mountains,—notably, Rev. J. A. Harris, and a corps of lady teachers, as fine women as ever ministered to the Lord. I had intended making them a visit in the summer, but sickness prevented, so I had to postpone it until now.

A long ride from home brought me to Asheville, the capital of Cloudland, where I met Mr. John K. Coit, colporteur of Synod.

On a frosty morning we took passage in his little wagon for the high mountains of Yancey County. Ten miles down the beautiful French Broad River (the Indian Tockie-Oskie, or "Racing Waters"), brought us to Buncombe Hall, at Alexanders's, where Mrs. Gen. Robert Vance dispenses a generous hospitality and helps in a little Sunday school.

After a good dinner for man and beast, we left the river for the Big Ivy, which flows from the bosom of the Big Craggy Mountain.

Our way lay across a wilderness of hills and valleys, big and little, the plateau of the Alleghany Mountains. Evening brought us to Democrat, on the Big Ivy (a post-office named when Cleveland was President), where most of the voters are un-Democratic. We found a good place to sleep, where the waters roar over the big mill-dam.

Brother Mac Davis, the Bishop of this Diocese, who lives five miles up the Big Ivy, caught us next morning before we got started (at 7 o'clock). He is the man for this region. His new church was to be dedicated on Sunday, and it was a sorrow to me that my engagements prevented me from being with him. Such men need help and deserve it,—deserve it more than they need it. He has prayed and fought whiskey out of his parish.

To-day our journey led us through the clouds, from Big Ivy up the Little Ivy, a beautiful mountain stream, which we followed to its source in the mountain. We passed out of Buncombe County and journeyed through Madison County.

I found the roads much better than in the Cumberlands, as well as the houses and farms. More land is cleared, and it is better cultivated. It is an older country, and nearer the sources of education and refinement. The Cumberlanders are far away from the land of their fathers, and on the "wrong side" of the higher civilization (which is west of them).

At Democrat I was surprised to find a canning factory, where they were putting up thousands of cans of

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SOUL-WINNERS' MISSIONS IN THE MOUNTAINS

Elkatawa	9 Canyon Falls	17 Glen Canon	25 Bat Harbor	33 Poor Valley
Canoe	10 Athol	18 Smoky	26 Tampa	34 Tom's Creek
Shoulder Blade	11 Bear Creek	19 Lick Creek	27 Cataloochie	35 Paint Creek
Canoe	12 Lost Creek	20 Loafers' Glory	28 Whitesburg	36 Haddix Fork
Puncheon Camp	13 Rousseau	21 Estatoa	29 Jackson	37 Ivy Patch
Turner's Creek	14 Lambric	22 Paint Gap	30 Hazard	38 Chenowee
Crockettsville	15 War Creek	23 Mt. Victory	31 Pea Ridge	39 Grape Vine
Buckhorn	16 Jett's Creek	24 Ebenezer	32 Happy Top	40 Panther Ridge

49 Oil Spring 50 Chavies

fresh peaches, apples and tomatoes. (The Cumberlands generally lack the peaches, tomatoes and cans.)

Evening, and Mr. Coit's North Carolina deliberate pony brought us to the mountain at the Paint Gap. Crossing this on foot, we reached the head-waters of the Nolichucky River, which is about the head of the Mississippi.

We are now in Yancey County. I thought I had seen some apples before, but I was mistaken. I never saw the like; apples were everywhere—big, little, red, brown, yellow and black apples. The trees were covered and the ground, too. Every day processions of wagons passed up the creek and over the mountains, going to Asheville, and even as far as South Carolina, with apples. I would call Yancey County the apple-orchard of the South. They are too common to taste good; yet they said it was only half a crop. It is hard for an outsider to believe, but he knows something of God's bounty and man's imagination.

Like all mountain people, they are generous to a fault. I had apples till I didn't want any more.

In many respects the people resemble the Cumberlanders. They are about the same size and shape, speak the same language, though not so "easily provoked," and do not fight on as small a provocation. They are pure Anglo-Saxons and Scotch-Irish, with no foreign adulteration. They are better farmers and give their women less work in the field; even in the "fodder season" I saw few at work pulling fodder, though this important industry calls for dispatch.

At clever William Penland's we found our first mountain mission teacher, Miss Nellie Rogers, and soon Rev.

J. A. Harris, of Micaville, one of the pioneer Soul Winners here, joined us. It was Saturday evening, but as we had no time to lose, I preached that night in the little school-house on Indian Creek, and slept well after my thirty miles' ride. I would recommend this treatment for insomnia. Sunday dawned clear and crisp (generally crisp up here around Mt. Mitchell), and a good crowd of people walked over mountains and valleys to the new, unfinished church on Horton's Hill; very few rode. The clever people who had built the church were unable to put doors, or windows, or floor, or ceiling, or stove in it, but planks served for seats, and zeal for a stove, so we got along very well until the north wind blew, when we had to plank up the windows, and wish for summer.

God, who is no respector of houses, came to visit His humble children of the hills, and one night fifteen of them accepted Christ, amid rejoicing in Yancey and in Heaven. During the week twenty united with the church, fifteen of whom received baptism and twelve more gave their names to Brother Harris for membership in the church, now ready to be organized here.

They are plain, good people, unusually free from many of the vices of the day, and intelligent and desirous of education.

Miss Nellie Rogers, a most accomplished lady and teacher, has given some two years of her best efforts to help them to a higher education and a nobler life. She is only one of a score of such consecrated women employed in this work by the Society of Soul Winners.

Mr. Harris is, par excellence, the man for the work; a rare combination of grit and grace and gumption. It

takes all three to succeed in this work. He is most ably seconded by Mr. Coit, and I could find no accusation against them, except that they persist in trying to "keep house" themselves, and make a "poor out." There is no excuse for such failure in this State and country of lovely women.

My time being limited, I had to leave Indian Creek on Saturday, to preach at Micaville that night, and thence up the South Toe (Estatoa) River, visiting the fields of labor of Misses Pope, Allison, Grier and Vickery.

An opportunity (and an invitation) may induce me to tell you something of that part of the field, and the work of those noble women in the wilds of Yancey County, under the shadow of Mt. Mitchell.

ON THE ESTATOA.

Acting on the presumption that it is "better late than never" (sometimes), I will finish my former letter about my trip through the North Carolina Alleghanies.

Having borrowed clever Henry Holcombe's mountain pony, I set out from Paint Gap, for Brother Harris' field on the South Toe River. My journey led me down the pretty valley of Indian Creek, across Cane River, to Burnsville, the capital of Yancey County. Being alone, I had the pleasure of enjoying the royal company of the great Black Mountains and their mighty Builder.

Burnsville is a typical place to live a "quiet and peaceable" life, only it is a trifle too quiet for a man who had ever been down in the world below. (The town is 2,800

feet above most of the other people.) But one could not wish for finer water, purer air, or a better dinner than I found up there at an old soldier's tavern. It was the biggest thing in town or county, except the Black Mountain.

I was surprised to find two nice colleges there; one built by the Baptist brethren, and one by the Presbyterians, through the generous help of Mrs. McCormick, of Chicago, who has done so much for the needy Southland.

After dinner, and a look at Mr. Ray's large museum of curios, I left the quiet mountain-girt village, and started down Crabtree Creek for Micaville. The farther I went, the country grew poorer, the mountains taller, and the crab-apples more plentiful. I never saw as many; they were going to waste by bushels. Evidently these good people don't know how to make French champagne in North Carolina. They could supply the market.

The day was lovely, and the road passable (for one horse), though the creek persisted in keeping in it, and often compelled the traveller to ford it lengthwise.

Evening, and the gray pony brought me to Micaville, which I almost fell over before I knew it was there, sitting in a little nest between the Mica mills. I believe two stores and two houses and the little log church comprise its "improvements."

Here I found Mr. Harris, the Bishop of the Estatoa, and his two assistants, Misses Rosa Lee Pope and Mattie E. Moore. Being a business man, he had appointed preaching for that Saturday night. The quaint little church on the hill was crowded with people, and the

good singing was led by our lady missionaries. I preached my best to people who walked miles to church on Saturday night; was sorry I could not do better.

Mr. Clontz furnished me a nice place to rest in his hospitable home, with the great Black Mountain looking down from 6,000 feet in the sky, into his front door. The poor people in cities and plains might well envy Mr. Clontz.

Early Sunday morning we started up the Estatoa to the missions taught by Miss Allison and Miss Vickery. We had to flank old Celo, the Black Mountain Giant, and travel as wild a wilderness road as I ever saw in Cumberland or Rocky Mountains. It was too lonesome for even a wild-bird or a squirrel, and hardly a ray of sunshine found its way to the ground to light up the sombre wilderness. I remember only one "clearing" in many miles.

The great mountain had on its autumnal dress of crimson and purple and gold, with its rich, dark mantle of balsams around its giant shoulders. God only could make such a wardrobe, and only a god among mountains could wear it.

About 11 A. M. we reached the little cabin on the "South Toe," where we were to preach. Misses Margaret Allison and Mary Vickery, with native helpers, were teaching an interesting Sabbath school, of all ages.

The house was too small for the congregation, so we moved out doors, and preached in the "First church," on the beautiful Estatoa. I need not say it was bigger than St. Paul's, and grander than St. Peter's. God built it, and garnished it with regal splendor of forest and field, mountain and river.

It was too cool to sit in the shade, so I preached in the sun, and the good people kept warm by its October rays, tempered by Mt. Mitchell, which looked down from his eyrie in the clouds.

The scene and day were memorable, and beyond the summits of these great mountains we will look back and thank God for it. I trust some precious souls were won to God that day. Many professed their faith, publicly.

I found the country wild, and the people poor enough to be kind and generous. They are very much the same people as the Cumberlanders—Scotch-Irish and Anglo-Saxon—with probably a few more Huguenots. They are hospitable beyond their means, and unusually intelligent. They are much less inclined to fight and drink than their children beyond the mountains.

The country being poor, God put treasures for them in the deep mica mines, which are found all along the mountains. Some of them have been worked for years and are very deep (three hundred feet).

After preaching at 3 P. M. I found a hospitable home at "Uncle Jason" Ballou's "a lodge in a vast wilderness," at the foot of the great mountains. It was worth the journey to see that home and the mountain and forest. God was everywhere and man nowhere (outside the little family of four). It was easier to be good there, and they were good people. But even there they had their tribulations. A wildcat killed "Aunt Emily's" chickens in the yard, by daylight. "Uncle Jason's" hogs were wild, and had to be hunted with dogs on the big mountain; and the bears caught some of them. But with it all, they seemed contented and happy, having food and raiment.

The most beautiful stream I ever saw,—the clearest

and purest water,—is the wild and rapid Estatoa, flowing out of the bosom of Mount Mitchell, the monarch of the Black Mountains.

Though in some places it was several feet deep, it was perfectly clear to the bottom, and the beautiful mountain trout could find no hiding place. Along this lovely river, and beneath these great mountains, the Soul Winners have been laboring and gathering fruit unto everlasting life. The people help them in their work, and love them for their self-denial and service, in helping them to a better life and a happier home in heaven.

But I will give you a rest, though I have many things to say yet.

I preached twice a day for three days; and at the last service ten persons, almost all grown, confessed their Savior, and others gave their hands, to help organize a church here.

They have the frame up, and much of the lumber on the ground, to build a church, and we promised our Society would help finish it. Mr. Harris is a church-builder, and he is ably assisted by noble mission teachers, and the poor, but earnest, people.

I was sorry I could not visit others of our workers: Miss Margaret Grier, at New Dale; Miss Blanche Vickery, at Red Hill, and Messrs. De Vane and Jones in their fields.

My time being limited, I started on my fifty miles' ride back to Asheville. I was glad of the privilege of making this visit, and helping these faithful, self-denying missionaries, and knowing those good people who need help so much, and are so grateful for it. I feel sure, if God's more fortunate people could see what I saw, they

would more gladly and generously help in this work. God's blessings have most signally followed it, and will abide on those who have so liberally helped it with their prayers and alms. May their numbers and blessings increase.

Part of three days and nights on horseback, and behind Brother Coit's patient pony, brought us to Asheville, and the faster "iron horse" brought us to our home.

NORTH CAROLINA SCOTCH-IRISH.

Your kind offer to let me put something in your paper is taken seriously, and here is something,—a sermon or a song. It may be that some tar-heel has torn himself loose from his turpentine-still and wandered as far as your paper travels. If so, he will be interested in this letter from home. On my way back to Kentucky, from Florida, I ventured through South Carolina, to Fayetteville, N. C., to spend a short while with Brother McKelway, the fortunate husband of handsome Ruth Smith, who needs no introduction to any student at Hampden-Sidney.

It is much in his favor to say he comes as near being worthy of such a woman as men generally are of their wives.

Brother McKelway is the live pastor of a Clan of Mac's from the purple heather of the Scotch Highlands. They landed here about 1770, and have spread abroad to the South and West (not much to the North) and laid the foundation of many noble characters in Church and State.

The land is about poor enough to produce good second-growth hickory, and first-class men and women. Their wealth is not sufficient to occupy their time or enlist their affections, so they turn to education and religion.

Here Flora McDonald once lived, who defied kings and armies for her country and her religion. Here, too, the old Covenanters seceded from Great Britain and declared their Independence before the Colonial Congress, which met at Philadelphia.

These are a great people, if you get them started right. You can neither stop them, or turn them, right or wrong.

Fortunately, John Knox started them right, and they are still on that road.

It was a privilege and pleasure to preach to such people. I had been used to it at home, so that it came somewhat natural to let them have their own way.

Brother McKelway, with a large faith and a diligent hand, had prepared the armory for a great congregation and a rich blessing.

I must confess, I was a little dubious when I thought of a week-day prayer-meeting at 11 A. M. in a room with a thousand vacant seats, and a town of not more than six thousand people. But Brother McKelway's faith in his people, and in his God, was not misplaced.

The big house soon got too small. There were as many as five hundred or more at the morning service and more than double that many at night.

The business houses all closed during the hours of service, and the saloon-keepers all followed the noble example. This was done without any pressure or abuse.

They came to hear the Gospel, that once attracted "publicans and sinners."

That Gospel has never lost its power, as was plainly to be seen at Fayetteville. It is still "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth, to the Jew first and also to the Greek."

Both helped in the meeting, and I believe that both were blessed. About one hundred persons publicly confessed the Christ during my stay of some ten days. Twenty-five of these made the noble confession the last night, when every available space in the big armory was crowded. I was sorry to be compelled to leave, to meet other engagements, and return to my own people.

The meeting will be continued by Brother McKelway and Dr. Nash, of the Methodist Church, who, with his own and other brethren, rendered most faithful and valuable assistance.

I must make special mention of the splendid chorus of fifty voices (with piano and organ), which sang the Gospel so sweetly and effectively.

It is worthy of remark that this grand service of song was led by a son of Abraham, and they were always in their places, morning and night.

I venture to commend such fidelity to the tuneful sons and daughters of Asaph. Such choruses are a powerful auxiliary to the preaching. Indeed, it is preaching of the best sort. It atones for much bad preaching from the pulpit. I have tried it.

I well remember my mother's *songs* long after the sermons are forgotten. But I must not impose on your generosity nor "wear my welcome out," on my first visit.

Thanking you for the privilege of a talk with your congregation, and hoping it may still increase, I am,

Your brother and servant.

DAN. McINTOSH.

David once said he was "a wonder to many." Paul said, "by grace, I am what I am."

Those who know Dan. McIntosh have found that the wonders of redemption are still seen, and the miracles of grace have not yet ceased.

Dan., of Kentucky, was born thirty-eight years ago, on the Troublesome River, in the darkest Cumberlands. There was not a railroad within a hundred miles, nor a church in nearly as many, nor a qualified preacher or teacher within several days' journey of his home on the Troublesome. Dan. was a grown man before he ever saw either. His father died when he was only two years old, and Dan. was left to an indulgent old grandfather, who left the boy to himself, generally. He went to a common mountain school for about two years, and learned to spell some easy words and read a little. School being irksome to his Highland blood, he finished it in two years, and entered the free life with the "boys" on the Troublesome. He was an apt student, and soon graduated in drinking, swearing, gambling, and shooting, illicit-distilling, and fighting. His home in "Bloody Breathitt" was a congenial one. In twenty years over a hundred men had died violent deaths in that county.

When twenty-three years old, Dan. concluded to marry, and found a loving and courageous mountain

girl in Prudence Hogston, who took Dan. for "better or for worse," principally the latter. She proved a devoted and faithful wife, and stuck to Dan. "through thick and thin," nursed his wounds and raised a family of bright children.

Seeking new fields, Dan. moved over the mountain, from the Troublesome to the turbulent waters of the Quicksand River. Here he continued his reckless career until 1894. But God had "provided some better things" for Dan., doubtless, in answer to prayer. He never forgets. In that year of grace, Rev. Dr. E. O. Guerrant pitched a Gospel tent on the Quicksand, at a place known as Rousseau, a store, post-office and two other houses.

There was not one church along the fifty miles of the Quicksand, but there were many hundreds of sinners for whom Christ died, and Dan. McIntosh was among them.

To this cotton tent, the untutored Highlanders came in crowds, on foot, over mountains and across streams, and sat from 9 A. M. until 4 P. M. to hear the Gospel. The "old, old story" was new to them. They sat on rough logs, boards and rocks. The singing was led by Miss Ellen Converse, of Louisville, and little Anne Guerrant, who came with her father, to play a little organ, and help in the service.

More than fifty persons confessed Christ, and there was joy on the Quicksand. One day "Uncle Nimrod" McIntosh, Dan's grandfather, an old Highlander, with his aged wife, came to beg Dr. Guerrant to let them join the church and be baptized. The Doctor told them he must preach ten days before he opened the doors of the church. Uncle Nim insisted, because he lived

across the river, and they might not have another chance to join, for if it rained they could not get across. The Doctor consented to make an exception of Uncle Nim and Aunt Nancy. They came, and like Zaccheus "received Jesus joyfully" and took Him back to their little mountain home.

Dan. saw all this, and heard it. A life of reckless sin was behind him, but God and heaven and salvation were before him. "And he arose and came to his Father." I need not say that our loving Father met, embraced, forgave and saved him. He turned away from all his evil ways and served God as zealously as he had ever served Satan. His hand and heart were converted, a warm heart and a strong hand, and both and all he had were dedicated to His service, who loved and died for him.

Always a "front man," he now became a front man in the Lord's work. He taught in the Sabbath school, conducted the prayer-meeting, travelled over his native mountains, and bore the "glad tidings" to his own perishing countrymen. And "all men did marvel," and many believed on Jesus for the saying of Dan. They knew he was a true and brave man, and all had respect for his honesty and sincerity, and he has won many souls to Christ by his "walk and conversation." He was elected an elder in the church, and for some years has been employed by the Inland Mission (the Society of Soul Winners) as an evangelist to his own people.

The last time I remember seeing Dan. was at another meeting, conducted by Dr. Guerrant, far up on the Quicksand, in a churchless country, in a big tent. The morning service began about 9 o'clock. Not long after that hour I saw Dan. and his devoted wife coming

up the hill to the meeting. They had walked about twelve long mountain miles to church, across the almost inaccessable Caney Mountain.

This is the kind of religion Dan. got under the big tent on the Quicksand. He is still in service, trying to win souls to his blessed Master, who rescued him from sin and death.

THE DEDICATION ON HADDIX FORK.

It was a fearfully rainy, disagreeable day last week, when I started one hundred miles into the Cumberland Mountains to the dedication of the little church of Haddix Fork. Noon Saturday found me at Elkatawa, where I unexpectedly met Miss Emma Withers, the accomplished mission teacher at Canoe, on the Middle Fork. A rough road-wagon, drawn by two mules, pulled us several miles over, or rather through, a desperate road up Cane Creek to Haddix Fork. A large box of Bibles and Testaments, and clothing for children, and other needy ones, made the wagon heavier and harder to pull through deep mud-holes, worn by hauling ties and logs to the railroad. Evening brought us in sight of the little white chapel of Mrs. Andrews, in the valley of Haddix Fork, just wide enough for the creek and the chapel. It had been built by a noble woman in Chicago, whom none of us ever saw. The poor Highlanders, with infinite patience and perseverance, had cut down big trees and dragged them through mud and water to the little mountain saw-mill. They had split the boards on the mountain and carried them down on their shoul-

A Highland Home

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ders, to cover the little church. By dint of hard work it was done at last, and Mrs. Andrews, the faithful teacher, was happy and thankful, even with the headache. Two men were at work on a little cottage by the church, where she will live and teach the Highland lads and lassies the Gospel of Jesus. An open-hearted old mountaineer gave me a warm welcome and a little room to sleep in (he had but two). Mrs. Andrews was living in a room by the church, just wide enough to hold a little stove and a cot, without even room for the box or bed.

If one wants to see how people lived in the "good old times," let him go to Haddix Fork. Those good people are our contemporaries of the sixteenth century. Their open-hearted, and free-handed, simple manner is charming to one accustomed to the vanities and vexations of much fashionable society, full of hypocrisy and selfishness. Though there was no appointment for preaching that night, the little bell on the church, filled it by dark, with an earnest people, who listened with gladness to the old story of Jesus.

Every one walked but the babies; and they are always present in the mountains. Old "Uncle Stephen" Miller, who had lived there most of his life, said that was the first church bell he had ever heard, and it summoned the humble dwellers in these mountains to the first church ever built on Haddix Fork. It was of course a very unpretentious building (as it cost less than $300.00), but it was the only one they ever had, and a "thing of beauty" among the little cabins on Haddix Fork.

Sunday morning rose in all its glory over these poor mountains, and God smiled away the clouds, which had

covered them for weeks, like a pall. By eight o'clock in the morning the Highlanders commenced coming, and by nine o'clock the house was crowded inside and out. Many of them had walked miles through mud and water, and across mountains. "Proctor Bill" and Lewis Hensley, the faithful native helpers, were there by 8 A. M., and at 9:15 I began the services of dedication, which, with its singing and preaching, continued until noon; and not a soul left the church or went to sleep. It was no trouble to preach there, for they were hungry for the Gospel; and it is little trouble to feed a hungry man. Old Grandmother Miller said she "could have listened till dark, and it was the best day of her life," and she is seventy-two.

On invitation, scores of them came up to confess Christ, in the simplicity of the faith that saves. It was not so hard to persuade them that God has a better country for them. It is a continual struggle for bread here. The steep mountain sides soon wash to the rock, and it is a battle with ground-squirrels and ground-hogs to save their corn, from the time it is planted to the day it is gathered. Evening found me back at Elkatawa, several miles down Cane Creek. On the way, I turned up the Belcher's Fork to see Mrs. "Proctor Bill" Little, who had for five months been at death's door. I was glad to find her able to sit out on the porch of their little cabin, and see the sunshine on the hills, once more. She was very proud of their home and farm, the best they ever had, and it cost $100.00, most of it given by generous hands she never knew.

Brother Evans, the earnest Welsh missionary at Elkatawa, had gone to New York to see his dying mother.

But the bell on Kessler Chapel filled the house at dark with a congregation, all of whom walked, and most all of whom were young men and women. It was an unusual scene. After preaching, I spent the night alone in the little manse nearby, and wished for the morning. At Oakdale, 6 A. M., Monday, Proctor Bill met me with a horse (five miles and two mountains from his home), and accompanied me to Puncheon Camp, the beautiful mountain stream which has neither church nor school-house, but scores of children. The Puncheon Campers promised everything I wanted, but money, to build them a church and college, the logs and land, and labor and children.

They had cut the trees on the mountain and sawed 10,000 feet of lumber as a pledge of their sincerity. We accepted it, and by God's help, and yours, will have them a church and school before Santa Claus comes to gladden your home. He has never been to theirs.

A HIGHLAND WEDDING.

Once when preaching on the Raccoon Fork of Goose Creek, where there never was a church, my host, Uncle Zachariah Smith, told me of two remarkable Highland lassies whom he termed the "boss gals" on the creek. Besides being good Christians, they were the best workers in the country. They could fell more trees, split more rails, hoe more corn, and raise more pumpkins than any women he knew. I concluded to hunt up these fine women, and get them to come to the little school-house where we were holding a meeting. Their

log-cabin was so remote and secluded, I got lost in the wilderness trying to find it, and only succeeded by climbing a mountain and surveying the deep valleys below. Their home was a poor, little log-cabin, a big loom filling almost all the puncheon-shed in front of the only room. Their aged father and two boys made up the family. Over the home a mountain hung almost perpendicularly, but it was cleared and cultivated in corn to the top. On inquiry, I learned that these two girls had borne their part, with the elder brother, in clearing off the forest of great oaks, and splitting the rails, and fencing and cultivating it with hoes. It was that, or no corn.

I noticed that the elder brother seemed to be dressed up, having on a new pair of shoes and pants, on a week-day. I made no inquiry, as it was not my business. It is safer in this country to attend strictly to one's own business. After awhile, I saw a young man riding a mule over the top of a mountain, bearing aloft a flag. Knowing the martial spirit of the Highlanders, I inquired if that was a declaration of war. Dave (the elder brother) said there was a wedding on Possum Creek, and the man was the brother of the bride coming after the groom. I then understood why Dave was dressed up, and inquired if he was the groom. He "admitted the soft impeachment," as the newspapers say, and explained that when a Highland lass was to be married, she sent her big brother after the groom to avoid any delay or disappointment. Dave appeared resigned, and told me the name of the bride was Polly Cynthy Ann, and they would be married as soon as Uncle Zebedee,

the preacher, could cross the river and get there, sometime that evening.

Soon the big brother, fully armed, came prepared to bring the groom—dead or alive. Riding up to the rail-fence in front of the cabin, he inquired of Dave, if he was ready. He answered "yes," and donning his coat, mounted his mule and rode away. He forgot to insist on my going, as I had no horse to ride, otherwise I would have gone, as everybody is welcome in the Highlands.

My good host, Uncle Zachariah, went, and returned to tell me that Polly Ann was the "boss gal" on Possum Creek, saying, "Old Bill, her father, gave her a big wedding dinner, of pork and beans and sweet potatoes, and pumpkin pies and sweet-cakes enough for everybody."

"Soon after the wedding dinner, Polly Ann got her hoe and said, "Dave, Pop's craps is in the weeds, and this is no time to be idle; come ahead. Dave went ahead, and when I left Possum Creek, Dave and Polly was knocking weeds high as their heads"; and Uncle Zachariah chuckled his entire satisfaction with such a "boss gal." A young friend, who was present, told me that when the old parson arrived, he found two couples to be married instead of one. The grooms got the old man in a fence-corner and argued for a reduction of the wedding fee. The venerable parson claimed the usual fee, which was one dollar, but the boys argued that as it was a wholesale business, he must come down. After much argument, the fee was finally settled at seventy-five cents apiece. I inquired of some of the wedding guests what presents the bride received. They were

astonished at my question, and replied that they had never heard of such a thing. I told them of our custom down in the "settlement," and the appropriateness of such a custom, and tried to set them an example. There were two other evangelists with me, and we searched our saddle-bags and found a spare Bible, a few white neckties, a paper of pins, a set of horn cuff-buttons and a few handkerchiefs. Armed with these wedding presents, I found the bride mending Dave's old pantaloons, and overwhelmed her with embarrassment when I laid these gifts in her lap, with the compliments of the missionaries and our prayers for long and happy and useful lives for her and Dave.

FROM THE BIG BLACK MOUNTAIN.

I left my home on Monday morning and came by rail to Cumberland Gap, where I spent the night. Tuesday morning I took the 5 A. M. train for the "Double Tunnel," at Gilly, near Big Stone Gap, Virginia, and seventy miles above Cumberland Gap.

Here at 9 A. M. I took a horse for Whitesburg, Letcher County, Kentucky. My travelling companion and guide was "Billy" Vermillon, on a little mule.

Our route lay up Callahan Fork of Powell River, some ten miles between the mountains, to the big coke-ovens and coal-mines at Pioneer, a new settlement at the foot of Big Black Mountain, the highest range of the Cumberlands, which here divides Virginia from Kentucky.

On our way up Callahan, Billy showed me where a

Mrs. Lane's School in Poor Valley, Tennessee

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

big rock had mashed three men and they had to "rake them up" when they got the rock off, by blasting it. I thought of that day when men will "call upon the rocks and mountains to fall upon them." We found the Big Black Mountain well named. It was both big and black.

The forests at the foot were green with spring foliage, but on top the mountain was dark and naked as winter, though the soil is a rich, black loam, out of which grow giants of the forest—immense sugar trees, oak, walnut, poplar, chestnut, etc.

We rested our exhausted horses on top of the big mountain and lay down on a carpet of beautiful blue grass, under the biggest sugar trees I ever saw. It looked strange to see such a growth on top of such a mountain, thousands of feet high.

But

> "Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
> Stand dressed in living green:
> So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
> While Jordan rolled between."

I am not sure that Jordan was any harder road to travel than up the Big Black. It is probably the same road.

Here lives old Dan. Richmond, a former slave of General Jonathan Richmond, near Big Stone Gap. He owns a big farm on top of this big mountain (said to be the best in the county), and here has raised blue grass, Indian corn and a decent family, in spite of the frost and the bears.

Everywhere beautiful wild flowers redeemed the deso-

lation of the wilderness, recalling that beautiful verse in Gray's Elegy,

> "Full many a gem of purest rays serene,
> The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
> Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
> And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

And I could not help thinking how many immortal flowers were left uncared for and unsaved in these wild waste mountains. I saw them everywhere.

I met a bare-headed, bare-footed girl with a beautiful face and form, carrying a big bucket of water to an humble cabin home. These great mountains are filled with there immortelles, who must live somewhere, when their hoary hills have passed away.

To save them, God gave His Son, and the Church should give her sons and her treasures.

The trail led us down the Black Mountain, as nearly perpendicular as a man could walk or a mule could slide. At the foot, we struck the headwaters of the Poor Fork of Cumberland River. (These people have a genius for giving appropriate names.)

Here we stopped to rest and feed our horses at Wils. Hawley's (or Sturgill's), who keeps his hogs belled and sells his corn at fifty cents a bushel.

A man was plowing on the mountain, with a big pistol buckled around him. He was probably expecting a revenue officer. We explained that we were not in that "service."

A few miles down one fork and up another brought us to the Cumberland Mountain (also called Pine and Laurel Mounatin). It ought to be called also Stone

Mountain, for it is a mass of stones from top to bottom. While not quite so big as Big Black, it is big enough, and bad to climb on account of the multitude of stones which fill the narrow gully that is called a road.

I once rode a mule to the top of Pike's Peak, and I don't know which is the worst road.

At the foot of Pine Mountain we came upon the Cowan branch of the Kentucky River, and crossing another mountain, we reached Whitesburg about sundown, sore, tired and with the headache.

I am glad I am alive. I found Whitesburg but little changed since I was here in the army over thirty years ago. It is the same little village of one narrow, dusty street, some two dozen houses, and about a hundred people, in a narrow valley on the headwaters of the Kentucky River, within eight miles of the Virginia State line, which is on top of the Cumberland Mountains.

Though it is more than fifty years old, it has no church, or academy, or tailor, saddler, shoemaker or blacksmith, one doctor, and no dentist.

It seems to have grown only in years. I have found only two men here whom I knew in the army. The legions of brave men I once saw here have struck their tents and crossed over the river to rest. "Caudill's Army" and "Marshall's Men" have followed their captains to the great review of the "Grand Army" of the "Lord of Hosts."

There was no place to preach but in a little, old courthouse, which our Baptist and Methodist brethren have used for half a century. Brother Deggendorf, one of the Louisville Seminary students, and two Mormon

Elders from Salt Lake City occupied the pulpit on Sunday, one in the morning and two at night.

We explained that we were not of the same faith.

I preached on Tuesday night in the little court-house to a few dozen people. The people of this country are of the Hardshell Baptist persuasion, though some are getting softer than others. There is one small Southern Methodist Church in the county, and one lone Presbyterian member, up the river, five miles from town.

We felt somewhat lonesome here. But the Lord had promised to go with us "to the end of the world," and as we had reached that place, we claimed that promise.

On Wednesday morning I preached to two women, six children and eight men. It was hard work. Twice every day, since, we have been trying to pull up "the steepest place on the hill of Zion" I ever found.

The congregations increased until the little court-house was uncomfortably filled.

On Thursday the presiding elder and circuit rider of the Methodist Church arrived to hold their quarterly meeting.

I knew nothing of their coming, nor they of mine. We found them both earnest, good men, and divided the time until the next Tuesday. On Sunday we celebrated the Communion, and ten people sat down to the table, and two of them were from a distance.

Only ten in a court-house full! It was inexpressibly sad. I had never seen the like before. There are not a dozen members of all churches in this town.

Our Methodist brother was a good singer, though some of his preaching was "advanced" beyond anything

I have ever found in the Bible. It probably suited some "new women" and others with "new views."

But I am a married man, and have learned to modestly differ from people that I love. So we differed, and loved, I hope. (I ought to say my wife is not a "new woman," though she is not old.)

I preached twice daily to growing congregations until Thursday night.

The Mormons returned the day the Methodist brother left. I did not divide the time with them, though they are great ladies' men. They listened and scattered their literature about town. So the tares and the wheat are still sown together and are growing together. Thank God for the wheat. Not much of it has been sown here.

On Thursday morning I preached on the distinctive doctrines of the Presbyterian Church, including the mode of baptism, which is the distinguished and distinguishing doctrine up here.

The court-house was crowded and they listened an hour and a half and expressed themselves satisfied (probably with the length), though some Baptists agreed with us and united with us.

During the week, in spite of serious obstacles and interruptions, some eighteen persons publicly confessed their faith in Christ.

I appointed Thursday evening as the time for the organization of the first Presbyterian Church of the county. Just before the hour, Dr. Witherspoon gladened our hearts by riding up. He had ridden across the mountains from Big Stone Gap.

I always esteemed the doctor very highly; but the man who crosses the Big Black twice to preach the Gos-

pel here has my profoundest admiration. He has it and deserves it (though he went back another way).

His coming was most providential, for my engagements at home compelled me to leave the next morning. He will remain until next week.

These hardy mountaineers are among the finest specimens of manhood, with strong minds and bodies; and only need conversion and culture to make them fine specimens of Christian activity. Long training in extreme views of God's sovereignty, and man's inability, has made them the hardest people to reach I have ever known. It is humanly impossible to reach the man, with both a hard heart and a hard head. But God can do it, and does it with plain preaching and earnest prayer.

I found a fine lot of young people at Whitesburg; a number of these joined our church, and they are the hope of the future. Christian people can do no better with God's talents in their hands than to employ them in this great work of helping these people to a better life.

THE IVY PATCH.

It is said that Agassiz could give a full account of an unknown fish from a single scale, or paint the picture of the prehistoric Saurian from his track in the rock.

Ivy Patch will answer for a scale or a track, from which the wise can estimate the character and size of the great work undertaken and accomplished by the Synod of Kentucky in its evangelistic work.

Two years ago, two lone horsemen might have been

seen riding, single-file, up a little mountain stream in the wilds of Eastern Kentucky. They were soaking wet from a big rain, from which they could find no protection. They were hunting "the lost sheep" amid the fastness of the mountains. There were few houses, and they were small and humble. There was not a church in the county, and never had been one. They were evangelists of the Synod of Kentucky. A few of the hardy mountaineers forded the streams and crossed the hills to the little house of clever Matt. Bowman, on the head of Twin Creek. God came, too, over the mountains of our sins, and filled the place with His presence and power. Many souls were there born into His kingdom, who will one day stand on Mt. Zion. The generous mountaineer entertained nearly the whole congregation for two days, with bed and board, for the pouring rain prevented them from going home. The old, log school-house across the mountain, on the head of Bear Creek, furnished the nearest and only place of public meeting. So with their little congregation, some few on horses, some on foot, and some carried in the arms, the evangelists crossed the mountain, through a primeval wilderness, to the settlement on Bear Creek. The old school-house gave them a generous welcome with wide-open doors and windows, and fire-place and chinks, and cracks.

It didn't hold the congregation, but they could hear as well outside as inside. Indeed it was most outside. But God is no "respector of persons" nor houses. And God came, and made that old log school-house the very gate of heaven.

The first sermon was made the power to reach sixteen

souls, among them the aged and young, who rejoiced in such a God and such a Gospel. They lifted up their voices and wept for joy. You would have thought it was a Methodist meeting instead of a Presbyterian. God gave them the victory, and they shouted at Bear Creek. God himself sometimes goes up with a shout, and the Lord will come down with it, Paul says. So "the daughters of Jerusalem" shouted at Bear Creek, and the Presbyterian evangelists did not confine their joys, nor hamper the simple manners of the children of the hills.

Shouting is not religion, but the religion that does not feel like shouting sometimes, needs mending badly. It isn't the Bear Creek kind; nor the Pentecostal kind.

When the harvest on Bear Creek was gathered, the evangelists took up their congregation and crossed over to the Ivy Patch, a companion of Bear Creek, which flows into the middle fork of the Kentucky River, in Lee County. Here there was not even a ventilated schoolhouse they could use, so the widow Palmer opened her heart and her double log-cabin to the strange preachers and the whole congregation. The same God who found Paul, when he was lost in the stormy Adriatic, found His children on the Ivy Patch, and gave them many souls from the shipwreck of sin. Here the first Presbyterian Church in Lee County, Kentucky, was organized, with over forty members and three good officers. This is the beginning of the history of Ivy Patch. It will be finished in glory.

This was two years ago. On the third Sabbath of July, 1891, a large congregation of earnest worshippers, many of whom walked miles in the rain, assembled in a new church on the Twin Creek, just over the hill from

Ivy Patch. This is the Ivy Patch Church, and was built here, because of the junction of waters and ways.

The evangelists were present, with other faithful servants, who labored in word and doctrine. It was a day of rejoicing and thanksgiving. God had again visited his people. He is the God of the hills, as well as the valleys.

The new church was dedicated free of debt, five more officers elected and ordained, forty-eight new members added to the church, and God's name glorified, and His grace magnified.

Two years ago, and there was not a single Presbyterian Church in Lee County; now there are three, and this is the first. Two years ago, and there was not a Presbyterian preacher in Lee County; there were five at the dedication of the Ivy Patch Church. Two years ago, there were not a dozen members of the Presbyterian Church in Lee County; now there are two regular preachers, three churches organized, and some one hundred and twenty-five members. Rev. James M. Little is pastor of this church, a son of the soil, and every inch a man, and he is ably supported by as true and earnest a body of officers as rule any church in the land. In Rev. E. P. Mickel and Rev. Alex. Henry and Rev. A. P. Gregory, he has faithful and effective helpers in neighboring fields.

This is a brief outline of the church organized on the Ivy Patch. It is only a sample. God has ever multiplied the tokens of his favor on this work. No other portion of His vineyard has enjoyed such signal displays of His divine approbation.

FROM HAZARD.

A word from these "unexplored regions" may not be unwelcome nor unwholesome. It may serve the purpose of teaching one-half the world how the other half lives.

On the twenty-third of August I left my home for a visit to this place, which is notorious in the bloody annals of the mountains, as the capital of Perry County, and the seat of the desperate French-Eversole war.

The Kentucky Union Railroad brought me to Jackson, the county seat of Breathitt County, one hundred miles southeast of Lexington. But a few years ago it took three days' hard riding to make this trip over the mountains.

Jackson is a demonstraton of the Gospel. No infidel can answer her argument. When I first visited the place, some few years ago, there was not a church in the town or county. It was the scene of violence, and profanity, and drunkenness, and murder. An army of soldiers could not keep the peace. To-day there is not a more orderly, peaceable, prosperous town in the State. The Gospel did it. Now they have good churches, good preachers, teachers, homes, business houses, and a prosperous college, with seven teachers.

But I must hasten on to Hazard. After one brief night at the new, handsome "Riverside Hotel," at Jackson (that hotel followed the Gospel), a clever brother furnished me a saddle-horse for the long overland journey. I preferred a better way, but was glad not to have to walk. The distance to Hazard is thirty-eight miles,

mountain miles. There is a big difference between mountain miles and ordinary miles, and all the difference is in favor of the mountain kind.

I started at 6 A. M., for I had some experience in their length. Ten miles' ride up the beautiful Kentucky River, between her palisades of paw-paws, and her colonnades of wild cucumber or wahoos, under the cool shadow of the mountains, was a delight.

I hardly saw a soul, save a few bare-footed, bare-headed children going to school with dinner baskets (but no books), filled with hard apples and "cow-cumbers," as they called them. They were bright and happy, and not bothered with "much learning."

Ten miles above Jackson, I came to the mouth of Troublesome, a large tributary of the river. Up Troublesome one mile, my road turned up the Lost Creek, which is followed with much tribulation for nineteen miles.

I could not but think that all Lost creeks and roads emptied into Troublesome. This is not the only time I got to Troublesome by the Lost Creek route.

I stopped at the post-office, at the mouth of Lost Creek, to write a postal-card home, to cheer them with the news of my safe arrival on Troublesome. There I met a brave Virginia Methodist preacher, Mr. McClure, who, on the Saturday before, preached in 'Squire Friley's blacksmith-shop and four souls received Christ. I thought that shop was doing better service than some big, fine churches I know.

Just as I entered the mouth of Lost Creek, I met an old friend, Judge Strong, who knew me when a youth in the army, and greeted me with the remark that he "had not seen me since we slept on a rail." Such a bed

is apt to make an impression on a man. The Judge said, "Troublesome was fifty-two miles long, and Lost Creek nineteen, and they are full of sinners to the head, and no church on either." Let the Blue Grass people "look on this picture, then on that."

Several miles up the Lost Creek, I stopped at a man's house to get my horse fed and a "bite" for myself. These mountain people are hospitable to a fault, and Gran. Noble was no exception. Fifteen cents was all he would take for man and beast, and a big muskmelon thrown in. He and Mrs. Noble had eleven children, most of them grown, all well and hearty, and never had a doctor. This is a good place for health.

Here I met Mr. Nipper, generally called Mr. Napper, but he said his name was Napier. See how we get our names. Adam would not know his children, by name.

I travelled with Mr. Nipper-Napper, up to the mouth of Ten Mile Creek, and all the rest of my long journey alone, with God and the mountains. Glorious company! We would all be better if we had such company oftener. What more elevating, ennobling, purifying, than the great mountains. And God! His company makes Heaven. That was a glorious ride in such company.

The shadows of the great mountains were falling over the valleys, when I crossed the mountain from Lost Creek to Lot's Creek, and still Hazard was miles away.

Inquiries from the natives seemed to indicate that Hazard was travelling about as fast as I was. One bright youth, of some sixteen summers, gave me comfort by assuring me that Hazard was a "right smart piece off." I found his answer correct, as I rode into

the little mountain town at 7 P. M., about as weary as my horse.

Hazard's size is entirely out of proportion to its reputation. No town of its size in the State has such a name. It is the synonym of violence and bloodshed. It is the seat of the French-Eversole war, in which some seventeen men were killed, and for four years all law was abolished. And, although the only town in Perry County, and the county seat, it consists of only a court-house, jail, four stores and seventeen families. It lies in a narrow valley, surrounded by mountains, on the north fork of the Kentucky River.

There is no church or school-house here, and never was. War was inevitable. Here I am trying to preach the Gospel in the court-house, and teach them a better way. Pray for us.

FROM THE TROUBLESOME.

I am so far out of the world, I have never heard whether my former letter reached you (or the public) or not, but I will presume on your goodness and give you another turn.

I am glad to have more and better news than I had before. On my arrival at Hazard, I soon found the only Presbyterian in the county, and felt a little more at home. I also soon found two of our foreign missionaries, Brothers Mickel and Mott. Sawyers. (The natives call us all "foreigners.") Brother Mickel was teaching the County Teacher's Institute, and preaching between times. Brother Sawyers had spent most of the summer

here in the service of our Evangelistic Committee. He is the right man in the right place—earnest, energetic, sensible, devoted, and not afraid of things, and knows everybody by name and where they live.

Though very weary after my long ride from Jackson, I preached that night in the court-house. There was nowhere else to preach, for though the town and county are some seventy years old, there is neither church nor school-house here and never was. No wonder it has such a bloody record of seven murders in one year and seventeen in four years, and forty-six orphan children as the result of "the war" between the factions.

The congregation was not very large, for the town has only some seventeen families, and some of them do not go to church, and some are afraid to go at night. The prospect was about as cheerless, I thought, as Noah's experience before the flood. And when Brother Mickel left us on Friday, only hope remained, and that a faint one. People unacquainted with such work have no conception of its difficulties. The people generally have no use for any religion, and less for our kind.

But God's word "stands sure," and we preached and pleaded His promises. He pitied and forgave our unbelief, and blessed His word. In one week we succeeded in organizing a Presbyterian Church of thirty-eight members, with three elders and one deacon, and raised a subscription of over six hundred dollars to build a church. To God be all the glory. It was manifestly His work.

Judge Combs, the leading citizen and principal owner of the town and country, became a member on profession, and was made an elder. Dr. William T. Wilson,

the only original Presbyterian, was made another, and Jere McIntosh the third. John B. Eversole, whose father, a leading lawyer, was murdered during "the war," was made a deacon.

On Thursday morning I crossed the mountain beyond the river to Big Creek, where I preached until Saturday night, in an open log school-house to good congregations. Brother Sawyers was always present, faithfully working in the vineyard.

Many difficulties had to be overcome or submitted to, no one to help us, few seats except rough rails, lamps without chimneys, and few of them, primeval singing, and a small choir with two books. But God prefers to conquer by few, and gave them the victory. Some twenty-three confessed Christ, and most of them joined the Presbyterian Church and received baptism, giving our church at Hazard some sixty members. We could have organized a church on Big Creek, but thought best to defer it. We met some fine people there, and their hospitality received another illustration.

My good host had only one bed-room, besides the kitchen, for his family and company, and he turned none away, until there were seven of us in one little room and no ventilation.

On Monday I left Big Creek for the Troublesome, a large tributary of the Kentucky River. Brother Sawyers preceded me and preached there Sunday night.

I passed through Hazard and was glad to find our people in earnest about beginning their church. Judge Combs gave the nicest site in town, overlooking the valley and the village. They expect to begin to build this week. The ladies were at work to raise money for

the organ. There is only one in this county. Twelve more mountain miles, through a pouring rain, brought me to the waters of the Troublesome.

The so-called road from the head of Lot's Creek to the mouth of Pigeon Roost, on Troublesome, is as bad as I ever remember, and I have been travelling the road to Jordan a good while. The ascent to the summit of Pike's Peak is better, to my personal knowledge. To make matters worse, my faithful horse lost a shoe, and the only man near the road could not shoe a horse. He only shod oxen. Take the other road when you come this way. This route is too rough and too lonesome. For miles I saw no house, nor human being; even the birds had fled the desolation and left the wilderness voiceless. To a man who loves company, it was awful.

The only thing I heard in miles was the rattle of a cow-bell; the only thing I saw was a lonesome log-cabin, where the kitchen and dining-room, family-room, bed-chamber, library and parlor, were all in one room, and that a little one.

A score of bare-headed, bare-footed children coming from school announced the approach of civilization, and exhibited the jewels of the Octavias of the hills. Their hills may be barren, but their homes are not. The birds may have flown, but the children are left.

This poor and sparsely-settled county, where the people can only live along narrow valleys, has forty-seven school districts in it, and often one hundred children in a district. Here is the necessity and opportunity of the church and the Gospel.

This whole country is practically without either. No

churches or Sabbath schools, no competent preachers, for this great region full of souls.

It made my heart sick to behold them now, and contemplate them in the future, when their sorrowful years will outnumber the leaves in their vast unbroken forests. Let the people of our country be warned of their danger and admonished of their duty to these perishing people. The curse of poverty and the desolation of sin are over them all. Without our help, they must perish.

The evening brought me to the waters of the Troublesome. This is a large stream, over fifty miles in length, and one of the largest tributaries of the upper Kentucky River. It passes through Knott, Perry and Breathitt Counties. In all its long course there is only one (unfinished) church, and that is at Hindman, the county seat of Knott County.

I had not passed this way since a youth, when I followed the bold rider, John Morgan. What memories crowded upon my heart as I thought upon those vanished years! How changed the times, and men and me! Following Morgan then; following Christ now! A soldier of the Confederacy then; a soldier of the Cross now! Why should I complain of the march, bivouac, and the privations and the battle now, and endure it all so cheerfully then.

These were lessons from real life. And then how different the cause; how glorious the conflict; how certain the victory now! A few more days on Troublesome, and endless years in Paradise!

A LITTLE TRIP UP THE BIG SANDY.

As our Field Secretary, Mr. Murdoch, was fully occupied at our new college in the Cumberlands, I thought some one ought to visit our missions on the Big Sandy River, so I concluded to go myself.

A hundred miles brought me to Catlettsburg, at the mouth of the river. I was glad to find Brother Boggs building a new home, more in proportion to his size and dignity and worth. I need not say it will be a big house.

The evening train on the Chattaroi road took me to its terminus, at White House, fifty-four miles up the river.

The lower Sandy Valley is beautiful, with its rolling green hills and picturesque homes. A lovely little white chapel was honored with the name of Bishop Kavanaugh, my father's friend and mine, "who being dead, yet speaketh."

At the mouth of the Tug Fork of the Big Sandy we passed Louisa, a nice town in a green valley. It was my first visit to Louisa, though once before I started to go to see her with a company of friends in 1863, but she had more company who objected, and we deferred our call until later.

About 10 o'clock the next morning Brother Howes, our missionary, came for me in a buggy. We crossed the river where Mr. Dollarhide and his friend lost their lives in a house-boat saloon. They were killed by some other friends who drank too much of Dollarhide's whiskey, it is said. We got our dinner at a wayside hotel,

and drove ten miles up the river over hills and through clouds of dust to Paintsville, on the Big Paint, the capital of Johnson County.

The prospect of the railroad had infused new life and noise into the quiet mountain village, and lots had gone up to the city prices. We had only time to call on Brother West, of the M. E. Church, and passed on up the Paint and Burnette's Fork to Oil Spring, nine miles farther, over a rough mountain road. I saw but one thing on the long way worthy of mention. On a mountain brow I noticed a beautiful stone mausoleum. It was so unique and unusual, I stopped to see its builder, the aged Charles Green Rule, who took five hundred hard-earned dollars to honor the memory of his faithful wife. For fifty years or more, she had lovingly and patiently filled her humble station as wife and mother, and this gentle old man did all he could to show his appreciation of her worth. I honor him for it.

Night brought us to the humble three-room cottage of Mr. Howes, and I needed no opiate to help me sleep that night. The old camp ground had been abandoned, but a large school-house accommodated a good congregation of the attentive mountaineers.

I preached twice on the Sabbath to large crowds, in spite of a big "foot-washing" in the neighborhood. After our services a large number confessed Christ. Sunday night I returned to the Oil Spring, where there are a few houses, but no oil spring. Names are sometimes as deceiving as some people, and that suggests that Henry Howes, the father of our missionary, a venerable and intelligent old man, told me his name was originally

Howe, but how Howe becames Howes he did not know. So Napier has become Napper and Nipper up here.

On Sunday I preached morning and evening at Oil Spring to fine congregations, largely of young people. Rev. Messrs. Williams and Moore, of Salyersville, came over (eight miles) to the services, and gave us valuable assistance. They need great help in this large field. An aged native told me that Paint Creek, which is sometimes a river, fifty miles long, is almost destitute of intelligent Gospel preaching. There are two or three churches on its long course, belonging to brethren who oppose Sunday schools and missions and education, in spite of all Gospel teaching and God's commandments. To escape this suicidal policy, some of the people have organized a "Come-out Society" as a protest, and the only church on Upper Big Paint is "Jack's church," with no other name or connection. Jack built it and runs it, I trust, for the glory of God and the salvation of his neighbors.

The people through all this back country are generally very poor, unable to provide educated preachers or teachers. As a general thing, they are not so lawless and violent as further back in the Cumberlands, but they are sadly in need of help.

It is next to impossible to get any one to conduct a Sabbath school or teach the scores of bright mountain boys and girls. If ever their ancestors possessed it, it is a "lost art" among their children. It is pitiful to see thousands of these strong, bright, resolute mountain children grow up with little or no training to make them valuable Christian men and women. Unless they get

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Mrs. Parmelee's Day School

help from beyond their mountains, generations of them will perish in their sins. Who is responsible?

We are trying, with the help of God and some good people, to supply this crying need, and send the Bread of Life to those who are starving at our doors.

ONE WOMAN.

WHAT CAN SHE DO?

Listen, and I will answer by telling you what one woman did. She is not young, nor an active woman either, nor rich, nor very attractive in person, but she is more, as we shall see.

Last summer she determined to do something for the helpless in our own land and while she could neither preach, nor sing, nor sew, nor play an organ, she thought she could tell the 'old, old story, of Jesus and His love." Anyhow, she determined to try.

She selected a place in the mountains, without a church or Sabbath school or preacher. It was far from any of these, and over twenty miles from the nearest town or doctor. To this destitute region she went, in a heavy road-wagon, because she couldn't ride horse-back; and she went to stay, and took her little baggage with her. The long mountain road was so rough she had to walk much of the way. At one place, the wagon had to be let down with ropes.

Here she found a home, in a little house among poor, but clever, people. She opened her Sabbath school and taught all the children and grown people, too, who came

in scores, walking to hear the Gospel story from loving lips. She had no conveyance, so had to walk from house to house, and to the school-house, often through mud and water. Her Sabbath school ran all the week.

When the weather got so cold she could no longer use the little public school-house, she opened the school and church in her one little room. Here, all through the winter, she taught all who came, the "sweet old story," and sowed the seed of eternal life in many hungry hearts, of old and young.

Experience having taught her some simple remedies for the sick, she became the substitute for the doctor, and relieved many a suffering body, as well as heart, where there was neither doctor nor preacher.

Once her room was a refuge for a poor girl whose drunken husband wanted to kill her. Another time it was an asylum for a poor girl whose reason had fled. Again, it was the death-room of a little babe, whose life, she alone, watched depart to its Savior's arms. The exposure and anxiety put her in bed, twenty-five miles from a doctor, or a pound of tea or coffee, or sugar, or a pint of coal-oil, and an impassable road between.

The winter was most rigorous, even for the mountaineers, and much more so for her, after many years' residence in the far South. But God brought her safely through it all, with many tokens of His love and care.

The opening spring-time and glorious summer gave her enlarged opportunities, and with the love of all those poor, but grateful, people, she is now busily trying to win souls for the Master, and "lay up treasures in heaven."

God only knows through what privations and hard-

ships she has passed, and God alone can adequately reward her. She has won a place among the constellations of heaven. Nor is she alone. The Society of Soul Winners (which sent her and supports her) has twenty-five consecrated women at work in the mountains of North Carolina and Kentucky.

They are only women, some of them timid, delicate women, but they have the "Omnipotent power of weakness" to sustain them. God is with them and that makes them strong.

Have you a part in this blessed work? Remember Paul said: "I entreat thee, also, to help those women which labored with me in the Gospel."

A LITTLE TRIP TO TURKEY CREEK.

Two young women from the far West (Misses Cunningham and Foster, from Kansas and Iowa) had left their homes and friends and gone, at the Master's command, far up in the Cumberlands. Strangers in a strange land, they went to lead the little Highland children to a happier life, and to help those who had no better helpers. There were three public schools on Turkey Creek, in Bloody Breathitt, but neither church nor Sabbath school. Leaving Brother W. S. Trimble, of Virginia, at Puncheon Camp, I crossed the Kentucky River and rode up the Turkey Creek until dark, before I found the home of the strange teachers. They were hidden away, between two big mountains, in a home where only one lone woman and two girls were keeping house. But it

was a hospitable and comfortable home, and they were welcome and happy.

From the grand prairies of their sunset homes to these wild and rugged mountains was a vast change; but its very contrast was an inspiration, and the gorgeous foliage of the Highlands surpassed anything on their Western plains.

They were well and contented, and busy in the vineyard, where they were sadly needed.

Two generous Highlanders had offered to give them a beautiful situation for their mission-house and school, and one gave them half of his store-house, worth one hundred dollars, towards building a chapel. The next morning, bright and early, we started to select the place for their future home. They out-walked my horse, but they had a better path than I had—down a rocky creek. But they were walkers, anyway. The natives said they were the "walkinest women on Turkey Creek." Ten miles is moderate exercise for them, and they took sunshine into scores of Highland homes, as they walked. But you remember that Jesus "walked in Galilee," and doubtless walked with them, in this other Galilee.

We found the place, where over one hundred children were in one school, and hundreds more not very far away. Leaving one of them to sweep the school-house, I took the other behind me and rode down the creek to see Mr. Griffith, who gave half the store. Four boys and one pretty, sunny-haired girl furnished this home better than some millionaires, and the mother herself looked like a girl. (She was married at fourteen.)

An engagement at Shoulder Blade compelled me to leave Turkey Creek, so bidding all good-bye, I crossed

the mountains back to the river, at the mouth of Old Buck Creek. On the mountain I met a tall, old Highlander, walking in his sock-feet, and carrying his shoes in his hand.

From the top of the mountain the view of the river beggars description. God had painted ten thousand trees in crimson and purple and gold, and the beautiful mountains looked like giant bouquets aflame. It was worth the labor and fatigue to behold such a display of God's infinite wisdom and love and power. I pity those who never had a view of such a glorious panorama of heaven and earth.

Crossing the river, I reached Shoulder Blade by 9 A. M. Brother Trimble came at 10, and preached a fine sermon to a good congregation, for Saturday. He never had more respectful, or attentive, listeners.

We were glad to meet here three of our faithful lady mission teachers, who had crossed the mountains to hear the sermon—Mrs. Andrews, from Haddix Fork, and Misses Houston and Sights, from Puncheon Camp. I was glad to find the new mission-house here completed and lumber on the ground to finish the chapel and school building, all given by a generous lady in Maine. The new college on Puncheon Camp is covered (with twenty thousand shingles), a fine bell surmounting it, and the interior being rapidly finished. It will accommodate three hundred or more of the Highland lads and lassies, when completed.

Evening found Brother Trimble and me six miles up the beautiful river, at Canoe. We received a hearty welcome by our teachers there, Misses Annie Peek and Nannie Brown, two splendid women from North Caro-

lina. All were delighted over the prospect of a fine school here, in a large new house, presented to us by a noble woman in Atlanta.

In spite of a funeral nearby, Brother Trimble had a fine congregation in our church at 10 A. M. (Nothing can compete with funerals in the mountains, which always occur at this season.) Having an appointment at Elkatawa, I had to leave Brother Trimble at Canoe, and ride and walk ten miles over the mountains and down Cane Creek by dark. Between the rain above and the creek below, I got pretty wet, but Brother Evans had a fire in his kitchen stove at our mission-house. So I soon dried out and preached in the Kessler Chapel to a fine congregation, who walked through a pouring rain and pitch darkness, from far and near. Such people, I hope, will occupy front seats in heaven.

Have you an interest in this effort to help them.

A VISIT TO RAVEN ROOST.

One of our faithful missionaries had been laboring for more than a year in a difficult and discouraging field, and I had never been able to visit him, until lately.

After a journey of a hundred miles, I found him, at nightfall, in a little mountain home among his grateful parishioners.

Edwin Preston was reared in a very different home in a beautiful city, but love of Christ and His lost children constrained him to give up all things for this hard life and service. His first mission was among the Mormons of Utah, then he came to the mountains of Ken-

tucky. Since he left his mother's home, she has gone to her heavenly mansion, leaving, to bless the world, three sons to preach the gospel and one daughter to carry it to the heathen beyond the seas. What a diadem will grace that mother's brow in heaven!

A beautiful Sabbath climbed the mountains of Breathitt and lighted up the deep valleys of the Quicksand River. For quiet and comfort, Mr. Preston had built himself a little house on the top of the mountain, five hundred feet high, and called it Raven Roost. I do not see how he ever got the planks up there, but it required only a few, as it had only one little room, and no ceiling, finishing or furnishing, and cost only $15.00. He made his chair and bedstead of little saplings which grew on the mountain. It was a very little house, but big enough for God and him, and no more is needed to be happy. I am not as young as Mr. Preston, and I didn't see how I could ever get up that mountain, but I determined to see Raven Roost, and I went. It repaid the labor to reach it.

The world was beneath us, and only God and the stars above; or only the stars, for God was there, on that "Mount of Privilege." Below, on every side, was a world of sin and sorrow and suffering. Around were only God and His birds and flowers and forests. It was good to be there. But the sun was climbing over the mountains, and a congregation gathering up the Quicksand at the Hounshell Mission, so, reluctantly, we had to come down into the world again, and try and persuade its sorrowful people to seek a better home in heaven.

It was some three miles up the little crystal river to

the school-house. There is no church in that part of the country, and only one on the river, in forty miles. Mr. Preston "cut across" the mountains on foot and I rode around them, up the river. At 10 A. M. the large school-house was crowded with young and old, nearly every one of whom walked. Over fifty of them were Sunday school children, the pupils of a noble Christian lady who had just swapped Washington City for the Quicksand, and was delighted with the trade. She had gained much more than she had lost—the priceless joy of self-denying service for Him who had denied Himself for her.

After the Sabbath school exercises and a good talk by Mr. Preston, I tried to tell them the "old, old story" —old to the world, but new to many of them. They listened with deep interest, in spite of uncomfortable seats and sundry interruptions. (The pretty babies and the boys' dogs will insist on coming to Sunday school.) At the close of the service nearly every one in the house came forward to express his love for God and faith in Christ as a Savior. Doubtless there was joy in heaven that day, as well as in Hounshell School-house on the Quicksand. These are the children of the same loving Savior who once walked on the mountains of Galilee, and still loves to walk with His humblest servants.

After the morning service, "Aunt Polly Ann" gave us a good dinner, and put heaven deeper in her debt. This aged Highland mother and grandmother opened her heart and home to the strange teacher from Washington City and gave her the best things in both. Heaven will repay her gloriously, when He says, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren,

Hotel at Elkatawa

ye have done it unto me. Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

But the sun and work on Quicksand do not wait; so we had to follow Mr. Preston four miles down the beautiful river to another school-house, where he has another mission.

After the Sabbath school, I preached again to a full house and many more expressed their trust in Jesus, who asks no more to "save a poor sinner." It was late and hot, but we had to cross a mountain to Jackson before night, so we had to say good-bye to Raven Roost and its master and builder. But we had the joy of knowing that the Master and Builder of heaven and earth will never leave Raven Roost nor the humblest home and toiler on the Quicksand.

A VISIT TO SHOULDER BLADE.

The old Highland settlers certainly had a genius for queer names. Shoulder Blade is the name they gave to a beautiful stream between steep mountains on the upper Kentucky River. Just above Shoulder Blade is Old Buck Creek, and just below is Puncheon Camp, and no one knows how or when they ever got these names. Like those little streams, they "go on forever." How important are the little things of life. They still go on.

Well, I had never had time to visit Shoulder Blade, though often invited. They had no church, nor Sabbath school, nor prayer-meeting, and wanted them all. We had sent a consecrated lady there to teach the chil-

dren and conduct the Sabbath schools, and she met a warm welcome from the untutored Highlanders, the most hospitable of all people.

I left home on the 6:45 A. M. train. After a brief visit to the new mission teachers at Athol (Miss Reeves and Miss Young), from New Jersey, I reached Elkatawa late in the evening. There I met Mr. Granville Hounshell, who had come from the Shoulder Blade to take me to his home. Mr. Morton, our missionary, at Elkatawa, would not let us go until we saw how nice a supper his young Georgia bride could prepare. It was fit for a king, though we were only poor wayfarers. But we had royal appetites.

At 7 P. M. we started over the mountains, six miles to the Shoulder Blade. Mr. Hounshell was good enough to let me ride the best saddle-horse (which was a mule). It was dark before we reached the mud-tunnel, a deep, gloomy gorge at the foot of the mountain, and it was bedtime when we reached Mr. Hounshell's hospitable home; but every soul was sitting up, on the porch, waiting for us, even the babies.

The Sabbath sun rose behind the clouds, which soon began to pour water down the valleys, and on the thirsty patches of corn and beans. We were up early, and had breakfast and visitors before 6 o'clock. A rift in the clouds at 10 A. M. let a crowd fill the school-house, who walked there through the mud and rain to hear the Gospel. I preached my best, and was sorry it was not better. But God honored His Word, and many confessed their Savior, some for the first time.

At 2 P. M. the house was filled again, though a big rain and thunder-storm prevailed most of the evening.

Lewis Hensley and William Little, two of our native evangelists, spoke earnestly to their neighbors about the great salvation for the poor, as well as the rich. I wish all men were as earnest as these humble heralds of the hills, and as eloquent. I "added a word," and left Mrs. Andrews to teach the Sunday school, which included about all of the congregation.

But before I left they promised to give the prettiest site on the Shoulder Blade for a church, and cut and saw the logs and put them on the ground and build a church, if we would give them the doors and windows and nails, and send them a man to show them how to build the house.

Night found me back at Elkatawa, at hospitable Brother Morton's new and comfortable manse, the gift of a wise and liberal Christian I never saw.

I might add that he gave the church also. Such people are as rare as they are blessed.

An early train took me down to Glencairn the next morning, where I stopped to see how Miss Kathleen Askew, from Atlanta, was doing. She had exchanged a city school for the little Highland Mission, in the deep canyon at Glencairn. Of course, she was busy and happy, though a stranger in this land. He promised to be with her until the end of the world, and He was there.

The bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked little Highlanders were happy to have such a teacher, and showed how even they could learn, if they had a chance. One wee little lassie had learned a page in the Catechism every day the past week. In spelling and reading and singing they showed remarkable aptitude. They had no desks to

cipher on, so they all got down on their knees and ciphered on the benches. There is nothing too hard for genius to solve, and Homer and Paul and Grover, with their sisters, were there on their knees "working sums."

At half-past one Monday afternoon I preached to the children and a few grown people who left the fields to listen to the "old, old story." They were all very nice and proper, and fairly well clothed, though the children were all barefooted but one, and all had hats but one. There was not a homely child in the school, and several of them were beautiful. All are beautiful to God.

Evening brought me to the Natural Bridge, where I took the train for my home. On the train I met the venerable Dr. Saunders, our missionary at Buckhorn, going to Danville and Louisville on business. He is now past seventy, and entirely blind, yet he preached at Crockettsville yesterday, and rode twenty miles through the mountains, on a led-horse, and expects to do the same on next Saturday, and preach next Sunday. How such a man shames the rest of us. But there are few such men left. May God multiply their number. The church and the world need them.

Have you a part in this blessed work of giving the gospel to our own long-neglected countrymen? If not, why not? Your help is needed, both for you and them.

"PROCTOR BILL."

Those familiar with the history of Jere McCauley will not be surprised at this story of Proctor Bill. In many respects they are very similar.

Some years ago I had an appointment to preach in a little mountain school-house on the Ivy Patch Creek, in Lee County, Kentucky. On going there I found that Rev. William Little, alias "Proctor Bill," had an appointment also for the same time. I had never met him, and knew nothing of his character.

He was a typical Highlander, big-boned, erect, resolute in word and action, and with deep-set, piercing eyes which showed a dauntless spirit. I insisted on his preaching, but he modestly and firmly declined, saying he was but an ignorant mountain man, and would not preach where there were others to do it.

I preached a short sermon, and then asked him and Mr. Griffiths, our young mission teacher, to speak a word to the children. To this modest request he yielded a reluctant assent.

I shall never forget his manner, or his matter. Both were peculiar and unique. He spoke with tremendous earnestness and energy. He was Boanerges, in action. No one could doubt his sincerity, nor his courage, yet his language was as simple as a child's, for he knew no other, being an unlearned man. It was the speech of the common people, who heard Jesus gladly. It was largely the language of the Bible.

It was in the summer-time, but he had on a suit of winter clothes, and the effort of speaking covered him with perspiration. He was profoundly moved, and he moved the people as few college men could have done.

As to the matter of his discourse, I was as much surprised. It was largely Scriptural and entirely evangelical. His quotations were apt and correct, and the wonder grew when I learned how and where he was reared.

I shall never forget his introduction. As near as I can recollect it, he said: "My friends, you know me. I was born and bred in this country. On this very spot where this school-house stands I once sold and drank whiskey. Left an orphan by a good father, I had no one to teach me to do right. My mother was a godless woman. I never heard her pray in my life. When a boy, I tried to kill Bob Hill for striking a smaller boy. As I grew older and larger I grew more wicked and desperate. In drinking, gambling and fighting I was a leader. Just over this hill I tried to kill a man for an insult. I was tried and sent to the penitentiary for three years. I had never learned to read, and I never owned a Bible. I neither feared God nor regarded man.

"In the penitentiary, I was compelled to attend the prison worship on the Sabbath day. A Mr. Morrison preached, and God sent his words to my heart. I felt I was a lost sinner, and for twelve days I could neither eat nor sleep. I lay in my cell, the most miserable of men, and cried to God for pardon. Blessed be His name, He heard my cry and pardoned my sins and saved my soul. I rose up a new man, and determined to read God's Word. I was then thirty-nine years old, but, by hard work, I learned to read, and determined to tell others what he had done for my soul. This is why I am here to-day." This is only a bare outline of what he said.

It was a remarkable discourse and produced a profound impression. Men knew he was honest and earnest, and not afraid to say what he believed. Since the day he left the penitentiary, he has been trying to preach the

Gospel in the very country which knew his sin and shame. Men hear him and wonder at the wonderful change. Many have been led to Christ through his ministry.

Having no horse, he walks across the mountains to his appointments. Having no money, he has no books nor clerical clothes. His earthly possessions consist of a wife and four little girls and a boy, on a rented mountain farm. This he works through the week and walks to his appointments on Sundays, sometimes fifteen miles.

To enable him to give more time to his work, and to help him clothe his wife and children, we have, for a few years, been paying him a little salary—a few dollars a month. It is the first he ever received.

Last Saturday he came to Glen Athol for me to preach for him at the Middle Fork Church, where he and Mr. Boyd were holding a meeting. I gladly went and found a multitude of Highlanders assembled, almost all of whom had walked for miles over the mountains. He had begun the service half an hour before I could reach the church, at 10 o'clock in the morning, on a half-broken mule.

For an hour and a half the crowded church listened with profound interest. "Proctor Bill" had gathered them before, and led the singing. At the close, I was impelled to give an invitation to all who would accept Christ as a Savior, and over twenty-five persons came forward for the first time. It was a sight to make "joy in the presence of the angels of God."

Most of them were young men and women, and no country can show a handsomer company than they were.

I was reminded of General Howard's astonishment at the appearance of these Highlanders, when he first came to visit our missions. He said he never saw handsomer young people anywhere, in all his wide experience. Exposure and hardship soon make many of them prematurely old.

After the morning service I went home with "Proctor Bill" to dinner. It was my first visit. I had never seen a member of his family except his wife, who confessed Christ at Frozen Creek when I organized that church. I rode a mile or more up the Kentucky River, with a guide, crossed the river, and found the little cabin of two rooms, in a corn-field. It stood in a narrow valley, between a steep mountain and a deep river, and all of his four acres were in corn, to feed his family. He had built the cabin himself, of rough boards. I was reminded of the song I heard in Jere McCauley's Mission in New York City: "My Father is rich in houses and lands; with Jesus my Savior, I'm the child of a King."

Recently his little boy, Tom, was drowned in the river, and the shadow had not yet gone from that sorrowful home. But it was a home of Christian faith and submission to God's will, and a home of prayer.

Though among the poorest I ever entered, God honored it with His presence, and made it "a palace of the King."

At 2 P. M. I preached again to a large congregation, who had walked miles away to dinner, and then returned. It was a typical Highland congregation. Not a foreigner was among them. Most of the men wore no coats, but they were strong and masterful men. The

women were modestly and plainly dressed, generally, with no effort to be in the fashion, except such as their grandmothers had set. Their earnestness and simplicity, their desire for better things, appealed to my heart, and it was a privilege and pleasure to preach to them.

To thousands of such, beyond all churches and Gospel privileges, the faithful Soul Winners are carrying the Bread of Life. To those who help, God has promised a "kingdom in heaven." Are you among the number who will be so honored and blessed?

CHENOWEE.

Among hundreds of noble women who have helped in the Soul Winners' Mission work was Miss Clemmie Patton, daughter of Rev. Dr. J. G. Patton, of Decatur, Georgia. During her service in the Cumberlands, her distinguished father made her a visit, and the following letter graphically describes his experience:

"On the 29th of July I left my home, in Decatur, Georgia, for the mountains of Kentucky. About 6 o'clock of the next day, my daughter, who had preceded me several weeks, flagged the train at Chenowee, in Breathitt County. This spot I shall never forget. Only one little house to be seen, and that some distance away, and just in front of us was the mouth of a great tunnel. There by the track, in the gloomy shadows of the mountains, holding the hand of a little mountain girl, stood my child, anxious to receive me. Along the way over the mountain for a mile and a half to the place where I

was to stay, the people, old and young, gathered to bid me welcome, for they had been prepared for my coming. So soon as we reached the house of Mr. Robert Cundiff I was made to feel at home. I shall always remember that dear family for their kind treatment of me. Nobler spirits do not live in the great State of Kentucky. That night my rest was sweet. On the morning of the next day I walked out, and oh! the mountains! the mountains! Ruskin says they are the 'beginning and the end of all natural scenery.' I love the mountains. They show forth God's might. They tell of His protecting power, for 'As the mountains are round about Jerusalem so the Lord is round about them that fear Him.' Jesus spent much of His time in the solitude of the mountains. He preached His first sermon on a mountain; He fed multitudes on the mountain; He was crucified on a mountain; He was transfigured on a mountain, and He left this earth from the top of a mountain. If you want to rest, go to the mountains. If you want to grow strong, climb the mountains. If you want to get back to nature, roam the mountains. If you would have your heart stirred with the sympathy and compassion of Jesus, see and talk with the people of the mountains. The people in these parts have been much misrepresented. That there are vicious people here I will not deny. But such is the case everywhere, even in Lexington, Louisville and Atlanta. The people who live in the plains cannot boast of their natural goodness over those who live in the mountains. Wherever difference exists, we ask what makes it? Paul answers, 'Grace.' Where is boasting then? To know the people even in Breathitt County, you will be convinced that

they are naturally kind, hospitable and true. They are almost entirely without education, in the technical sense of the term, but that is for the want of an opportunity. I can safely say this much: That for native mental strength, the boys and girls of the mountains will compare favorably with the boys and girls of the cities. All they need is an opportunity, and their daughters would grace the most cultured society, and their boys would make leaders among men. They are wanting in Christianity to an alarming extent, but where does the fault lie? They have a few mountain preachers, but in many cases they are immoral men, and generally wholly illiterate. The people are starving for the 'Bread of Life,' and they eagerly take it when it is given them. The fields are literally 'white to the harvest.' During our ten days' meeting at Chenowee, the people came, some of them walking ten miles across the mountains. I could realize in a measure how the Master felt when He stood before the hungry multitudes. I never preached to a people more orderly, more attentive, and scarcely ever to those so eager to hear the Gospel. During those ten days, without excitement, forty professed faith in Christ. It was a rare privilege to labor among such people. What an opportunity for the Christian Church of America! The situation is unique. It is one that justifies the policy of the 'Society of Soul Winners,' under the leadership of Dr. Guerrant, of Wilmore, Kentucky, the utilizing of the Christian forces that are available from all the evangelical denominations in the country. Some say that this is irregular; true, but if the work cannot be accomplished in a regular way, it must be done in an irregular way. What these dear people need

first of all is salvation. Christ they must have, or perish, and those who are trying to give them Christ should be encouraged. It is very easy to criticise methods, but when the cry of these people fill your soul with Christ-like compassion you rejoice that they are fed by whomsoever it may be done. From Chenowee, I went over the mountain to Puncheon Camp, and there I found the people of that section, under the direction of Dr. Guerrant, erecting a large school-building. The blessing which this school will be to the boys and girls of the mountains cannot be estimated. Money sent to Dr. Guerrant for this purpose will pay large dividends, imperishable for this life and the life to come. Any of our ministers who will spend a week preaching to the mountain people next summer will receive inspiration and hope in the Gospel here, and bright stars in their crowns hereafter. Consecrated young men and women who would spend a profitable vacation next summer cannot do better than to work among the needy, and most appreciative people of the mountains. I cannot put the truth too strongly. If the vast multitudes in the mountains of Kentucky, Tennessee, North Carolina and Virginia and Georgia could be brought to Christ and their strong characters developed for Him, what a force would be added to the army of the Lord, and what an advantage gained in our great effort to take the world for God."

ON THE UPPER QUICKSAND.

I feel confident if Christian people could see what I have seen here in two weeks, a new order of things

THE TABERNACLE ON THE QUICKSAND

would be set in motion to save these perishing people; and tens of thousands of dollars instead of hundreds, would be given to the cause; and scores of faithful evangelists would fill those mountains, instead of "here and there a traveller," a lone missionary, trying to do the work of a dozen men.

Let me lend your big congregation my eyes for twenty minutes, and they will see what moved my heart, and I hope will move theirs.

On Wednesday, the 9th of August, in company with Rev. Henry E. Partridge, of Florida, and Mr. John J. Barret (cornetist), of Louisville, and my little boy, Willie, I started to the foreign field on the Upper Quicksand River, in the Kentucky Cumberlands.

The grand cañon of the Red River and the hundred miles of forest-clad mountains was the first revelation to the Floridian and Louisvillian. It was worth the long journey from the sand and sunshine of the great peninsula of the St. John's.

That night Brother Partridge preached an excellent sermon to the united Methodist and Presbyterian prayer-meeting congregations, at the Methodist Church in Jackson.

Early on Thursday morning, we left Jackson on two horses and a mule, and a wagon with a big tent and our little baggage. I took the mule, as the city gentlemen were not accustomed to his gaits.

It rained on us all morning, but shined on us the balance of the long way up the Quicksand. So, though only one had an umbrella, we were dry enough at the end of our journey. Willie rode the wagon with "Bunk" Combs and the baggage. The road up the main Quick-

sand being impassable for a wagon, we took the South Fork, which was not quite so bad.

We passed the place where "bad Tom" Smith murdered Dr. Rader. Near by, we met a gentleman who told us his father had been trying to have him killed for some years. We passed on.

Not far above the mouth of Dumb Betty (a mountain stream) we passed an original still-house under a big cliff, where the natives manufacture trouble. We "passed by on the other side," as the good Samaritan would have done.

We left the South Fork and went up Russell's Fork, and over the mountain to Winny Branch, and down to the main Quicksand.

There had probably been a road that way once, but there is no evidence of it left. The raging waters have carried it all away. The mountain was so steep one could scarcely walk down it; the wagon, I suppose, just slid down. None but a mountain man would have dared to let her slide.

One o'clock brought us to Mr. John Wesley Mann's, a whole-souled mountaineer, who has nothing too good for a way-worn traveller.

Here our young missionary, Addison Talbott, has been boarding this summer, and he was delighted to see some one from the "settlements." Two bright girls soon had us some dinner, and some fine apples, after which we rode on to our destination, at the mouth of Spring Fork, some thirty miles above the mouth of the crooked Quicksand River.

Brother Partridge and I found a home with Jack Howard, and Mr. Barret and Willie with Mr. Evans.

Their unfurnished room had neither door nor window, but was delightfully cool these summer days. Their simple-hearted welcome made us feel at home, for there never were more generous people. Children, dogs and all, treated us like brothers.

That evening we began to fix the big tent. No place could be found for it except in a thick grove of trees on a bench of the mountain, where a battle had been fought in the old war times. Here four brave Confederate boys were sleeping their last sleep, by the gentle murmur of the mountain stream and the warble of the wild birds. Here we came to preach the Gospel of peace and love to the children of sin and sorrow.

By Friday noon, with the cheerful help of Steve Carpenter and the other "boys," we had the big tent up, and seats for three hundred people. They were only six-inch oak fencing plank, within six inches of the ground, but the "Gospel is not bound" to circular pews and cushioned seats. "God's first temple" is greater and grander than all abbeys and cathedrals. It is wide as the earth, and its dome is lit with the stars.

Here we preached ten days, and God and his untutored children of the hills came to hear and to help, to bless and be blessed.

Our tent was pitched across the river from the road, but a temporary bridge and horses and bare feet brought the crowds across. There is no church in this country and never has been one.

The little church at Rousseau, twelve miles down the river, organized four years ago, is the only one on the seventy-five miles of the Quicksand River. Could you believe it?

There is no regular preaching in this country, except one "yearly" meeting, held at old Mrs. Davis'. Our hostess told us she had heard only one man preach in two years, and that at a funeral. Indeed funeral sermons have the monopoly of all the preaching. They are generally held in the fall, and at the graves. One man's funeral has been preached annually for fourteen years.

On the Sabbath when there were some three hundred people present, I asked how many were members of any church, and found only thirteen. Think of it! Thirteen out of three hundred, men and women: Anglo-Saxons, Kentuckians! and several of these came up from the church at Rousseau, twelve miles below.

Day after day, they came in crowds, through heat and dust, walking and riding; some bare-footed and some bare-headed, with babies and dogs (until we drew the line on dogs), and sat patiently from 9 to 11 A. M., and from 2 to 4 P. M., on six-inch boards, within six inches of the ground. If your pastor can't preach in your nice church, send him to the Quicksand; it is no trouble there. It just preaches itself. If men were dumb, the "stones would cry out." God gave us good weather after a big rain Sunday afternoon.

The young men who have been teaching Sabbath schools along this river this summer did noble work in visiting and singing. Mr. Barrett did invaluable service with his cornet, which made up for our lack of singers, and echoed along the mountain coves, in leading God's praises.

There being no doctor in some twenty-five miles, I visited some of the sick. One evening I went with Mr.

Talbott to see old lady Davis, who has "spells," and Mr. Ritchie, who lost an eye last week with acute inflammation, and Mr. Russell, who had a turtle bone lodged in his throat, and the little Trusty girl, who had fever, but no doctor or medicine. Pity the poor; but none so poor as those without a Savior.

During the week I took occasion to explain the Mormon abomination, as some of their agents, in sheep's clothing, had gone through this country. I don't think they will return.

To ascertain if the people took religious papers, I asked for all who were subscribers, and there was not one. Old Mr. Sheppard said he was sixty-seven years old, and had never seen a religious paper. A number subscribed for the "Soul Winner," which is published for the poor, at twenty-five cents a year, and some could not even pay that.

Through the second week, Brother Partridge preached with great tenderness and earnestness, twice a day, morning and evening, and I followed him, making four sermons every day, not counting earnest exhortations by Daniel McIntosh, our mountain elder from Rousseau, and our Sunday school missionaries, Allen, Crockett and Talbott.

For four to five solid hours, the patient people listened, and learned a Gospel they said they never heard before. On the last Saturday, I preached on Baptism, by request, explaining it, but giving every person a choice of mode, as they were raised in the immersionist belief.

The last two days, Saturday and Sunday, were the great days of the feast. The big tent was crowded. There was never better behavior nor better attention

from 9 o'clock in the morning till 5 o'clock in the afternoon, with a recess for lunch. Seventy-seven persons, nearly all grown people, and many aged, confessed Christ, and over seventy received baptism.

It was Pentecost on Quicksand. The shouting drowned the weeping, and rolled across the river, and up the mountains, to heaven.

Brother Partridge, twice a presiding elder, said he never saw the like before, and shouted as if it were a Methodist camp-meeting. He could not help it; I felt like it myself. I shall never forget the scene. Some of the faces of those poor women were transformed into beauty by a touch of Divinity. They talked with God, and their faces shone like Moses'. I have often witnessed great demonstrations of God's power, but this experience stands conspicuous above them all, like Pentecost of old. I thank God I was there.

At 5 o'clock, then the tenth day, we sent the reluctant people home, but not until after they had determined to build themselves a church, and selected three leading men, John Brown, John Wesley Mann, and Buchanan Bradley, with Stephen Carpenter and Jack Howard, as a building committee. Mr. Howard generously gave them a site for the church.

The next morning found us all going down the river to the church at Rousseau, on our way home. The Caney Mountain took up much of the twelve miles, and was as bad as the ascent of Pike's Peak. Much of it we had to walk. Mr. Barrett once lost his balance and fell to the ground, much to the amusement of the boys on the mules.

At 2 P. M. Brother Partridge and I preached to a

[illegible]

Congregation at Elkatawa

fine congregation in the pretty church at Rousseau, the only one on the long Quicksand. It was a remarkable congregation for 2 o'clock on Monday. The house was about full, and three persons united with the church, two of whom I baptized. This church is only four years old, in a country where we had not a single member, and is worth every dollar expended in this great work of saving these perishing people.

After the preaching, another long ride over the mountains brought us to Jackson, in the night. Willie and Stuart Crockett had to walk it (fourteen miles), for want of a mule.

Over one hundred families without a Bible were supplied with one.

I could only wish God's faithful people could see the sorrowful religious destitution of these poor, but worthy, people, and then see the inexpressible joy of a new-found hope of everlasting life through the Savior of the poor. If they could, we would not have to beg for help to send them the Gospel.

On the treatment of such depends the tremendous sentence of the Judgment Day.

May God help us to help them.

ELKATAWA.

Will you please lend me your ears while I tell you of a day at Elkatawa, a sample of many days and many Elkatawas in the great Cumberlands?

I came here on Friday evening to visit our missionaries, Rev. Dr. Saunders and wife, and Mrs. Emma Gor-

don. I found them in a "shanty" not near so good as your stable, but serving as a vestibule to mansions in heaven.

We preached Saturday morning in the school-house (as there is no church here) to three little children. At 3 P. M. we had seventy-five people present.

Sunday the house and yard were filled with four or five hundred people, who stood or sat on the ground, or rough planks, for four hours, to hear the Gospel. Most of these people walked to church, and some of them for miles.

We took up a collection to build a church here, and got one dollar and sixty-seven cents. Maybe they had no more, or didn't know how to give (probably the former). We will try to help them build a church this summer.

Fifty children joined the Sabbath school, and fifty more are to come—many grown-up children.

Their zeal reminded us of the people of Gennesaret, who were waiting for Jesus, and ran to meet him. Of course He healed them all. He always does. I believe He healed many souls here yesterday.

Their eagerness to hear was refreshing. They left no room for the preacher; and bright little girls crowded the corner where Mrs. Gordon played the little organ, to help her sing. They all said they could sing, and tried to prove their faith by their works. The Gospel songs have been a powerful evangel in the humble homes of the mountaineers. Most of the children know a few songs, taught by the missionaries.

It is a delight to feed those who are hungry, but pitiful to see so many without "the Bread of Life."

There is no preaching to this great crowd of people, except an occasional sermon by a Mormon.

Our Field Secretary, Rev. Harvey Murdoch, has gone on a long tour to our missionaries on the Quicksand. We believe he is a "man sent from God" for this work. Few realize how much it is needed.

It is over one hundred miles from here, by the two rivers, to the Virginia border,—mountains all the way, full of sinners, and only two preachers I know of, one a Methodist and one a Northern Presbyterian.

We have a number of faithful missionaries scattered through this region, but they are like light-houses on the shores of a continent of darkness.

I have just returned from Texas and Oklahoma, with their boundless contiguity of sunshine and wealth, and cannot but note the contrast to this boundless contiguity of shade and poverty, where the shadow of death covers hundreds of thousands of souls. I am sure God's wise and liberal children will come to their rescue, if they only know the facts. Many are already helping, but we need so many more consecrated workers, and so much more consecrated money to sustain them. We could use thousands where we get hundreds of dollars.

As to its use, we may quote that one of God's wisest and best servants (a distinguished preacher known throughout the whole country, North and South), says of this work: "The Soul Winners' Society is doing the most and best work, with the least money, of any missionary society on earth, so far as I know."

We are sending out every week more faithful laborers into the great harvest-field, relying on God to sustain

them. May He honor you with a part in this great work, with your prayers and your gifts.

Many earnest workers have recently gone into the Alleghanies of Tennessee and North Carolina, and others into the Kentucky Cumberlands, but the cry is still, "Come over and help us." Especially is this cry most pleading and piteous from the great Cumberlands. It is a pitiful thing to hear a child crying for its dead mother; how much more sorrowful is it to hear a lost soul crying for its unknown Savior. It should melt a heart of adamant.

FROM PANTHER RIDGE.

Some months ago two consecrated young people from Canada, who had given their lives and labors to their Master, went as missionaries to the darkest corner of the desolate mountains.

They asked only a scant living, which was all the Society of Soul Winners could promise them, under whose auspices they went to carry the "glad tidings."

They were utter strangers to the country and people, but they knew the Gospel, and God's love and power. They went twenty miles beyond a town or a doctor or a church or a preacher. Their hired home is a little log-cabin, of one room, without a window or a carpet, or furniture, or convenience of any kind, and the door and roof only names.

By dint of hard work they have patched it up to keep from freezing this winter. In an open log-house they have started a Sunday school, and have enrolled a hun-

dred mountain children, all of whom are taught by the faithful missionary and his wife; forty in one class and sixty in the other; no other help in reach.

The poor people gave them a cordial welcome,—all they had to give,—and are beginning to learn a better "way" than they have ever known before.

The following letter from the young wife gives some idea of the country, its sin and sorrow, its people, and their destitutions, and the privations and hardships of such a life. And more, it gives an idea of the power of the Gospel to take a lovely, educated young woman from a happy home and kind friends and bury her in a living tomb among wild, strange people in a desolate land.

And even more yet, we see her do it cheerfully, and happily, and without a murmur or complaint. Pandita Ramabai, noble as she is, made no such sacrifices for her poor, perishing countrymen.

That this devoted Christian woman and her husband will succeed, goes without saying. Heaven and earth will pass away, but the promise of their glorious reward will never pass. Their crowns in heaven will outshine all the tiaras that ever glittered on the brows of kings and queens on earth.

Are you a partner of their labors? Will you be a partner of their reward?

The letter following was written to a lady friend, who kindly permits us to use it in stimulating others to like service, and sustaining those who have gone to publish salvation to our perishing countrymen:

"My Dear Sister: "PANTHER RIDGE.

"I have been delayed in answering your letter, and I hope you will pardon me. You asked for a description of our field here. I hardly know what to write; you have heard so many things, and still there is so much more that cannot be expressed by pen and paper; the real needs of the people; the lack of knowledge and education, and, above all, the lack of Christ in the hearts and lives of these people.

"Sometimes we almost stand in awe as we face this great work, not only in our vicinity, but in the regions about us. No Bible being taught; no Sunday school for children, and nothing that would lift the thoughts from daily toil and care and sin and sorrow, to a brighter and more hopeful landscape even,—that time when God's people will see His face and shall be with Him forever. They have no such hope. They do not know how to pray. I have asked nearly all of my fifty children in my Sunday school class if they pray, and not one of them had ever been taught to pray.

"God's name is used only in blasphemy, not as the One who is Love. But I hope and trust that into these dark hearts will come the assurance of that love, and their hearts will be changed, and the spirit of love will permeate them till they, too, will seek to tell the 'old, old story.'

"The children are learning very fast; they are bright as can be, and when they are once interested, they can be relied upon.

"I have been taking up a course of the life of Christ. I found it would not do to follow the International Les-

sons before they knew of Jesus Christ, of His life, death and resurrection.

"Our school-house, which has been in very poor condition, and even yet is not fitted up warm enough for winter, will, I trust, soon be completed. I have had the children come here to our house when it was too cold in the school-house.

"Our house is very small, and the accommodations for Sunday school limited; but the children are glad to come, and it makes my heart rejoice to see their bright little faces, and to hear them sing so heartily the beautiful hymns.

"I think I'll describe our trip to Peasticks last Sunday, and that will give you a little idea of the country, and the people's needs.

"After our morning service here, we got a lunch and started off horseback. I rode our horse, while Mr. Smith rode a borowed one. We could not take the direct road to Peasticks, as they had been cutting timber, and the road was blocked.

"It was all a new experience to me. I had travelled down and up the creeks, but had never crossed a mountain. For awhile we took the bed of the creek, sometimes splashing through the water, then over ledges of rocks, up and down continually; then under trees that had fallen across the creek, and we would be compelled to bow low, and even then we would have our backs rubbed by the trees. But at last we came to the foot of the mountain. I said, 'Surely we don't ride up here.' The path looked straight up, up, up; but I was told to hang to the horse's mane, and up we started. That was not the worst. It was when we got to the other side

that I positively refused to ride any more, so I got down and led my horse. I thought I should slide over his head, and if the horse should slip, I don't know where we would have been. At last, we reached Peasticks, after two hours and a half of hard riding,—only seven miles.

"At the school-house we did not find any one, so rode on to the store. There we found the devil had got there before us. A barrel of whiskey had been gotten in, the night before, and scores of men, women and children were there drinking and carousing.

"I don't know when my heart felt so sick at the sight of young girls, standing around and talking with the men. Many of them had powdered their faces and put on their finery, to make themselves look as attractive as possible. It is awful. What are the laws of the land? Such lawlessness and debauchery is a disgrace to a country. May God help these poor people.

"Mr. Smith went among them and invited them to come up to the school-house, and we went back. We had about forty-five to come in, and the Word of God was preached from the text: 'Come, for all things are now ready.' It is a comfort to know that results do not rest with us. It is our duty to preach the Word and to pray, but God gives the increase. I pray that even on Peasticks there will be precious souls won for the Master. They have no regular work there, only an occasional service. The children have nothing done for them.

"There are other places where we expect to go whenever we can, but the roads are so bad we cannot get about far in these short days.

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The "Log" (Witherspoon) College at Buckhorn

"It was dark before we got home, and the road is dangerous. The work is needy, and I believe the harvest is ripe. I don't think all will be converted, but the Lord has His own here in the mountains, and it is our business to preach 'Whosoever will,' and leave the rest with God.

"Since starting to write, it has begun raining, and I can scarcely find a dry spot to sit. These mountain homes are not very comfortable; even with all the improvements we have made on this old house, it would not be counted fit to live in, if it were in another part of the country. The poor mountain people don't know what comfort is.

"I hope, if it will please the Lord for us to remain here many years, that we may have a little home where we can be a little more comfortable.

"The people around us here are anxious to learn to read, and have asked me to teach school this winter. I may do so some days out of the week, but with housekeeping and visiting, my time is fully occupied.

"I know that you will remember us in your prayers, and, above all, pray that a spirit of deep conviction of sin may come upon these people, and they will cry out, 'What must I do to be saved'?

"ROSE S."

THE HOUSE THAT GOD BUILT.

(BY ONE WHO SAW IT.)

Far away in the wildest Cumberland Mountains is a little hamlet of Highlanders, twenty-five miles from a railroad, or any other kind; and some twenty miles from

any town, far beyond all churches, schools, doctors and preachers. Here "the forgotten people" had lived and labored and died for a hundred years. God alone knew and loved them. So He sent one of His aged servants and his wife and youngest daughter to carry them "the Glad Tidings of Salvation." Twenty-five miles across the rugged mountains and rivers they rode on horseback, and pitched a tent in a narrow valley by a beautiful river. This was the first church in all that country. The aged doctor preached, and his loving daughter taught the wondering Highlanders every day the lessons of heavenly wisdom. They filled the tent with their presence, and the dells with their praises. So happy and grateful were they that they determined to have a better house. So, with strong arms and loving hearts, they built a beautiful church on Laurel Point, a spur of the mountain, and called it "Louise Chapel," in honor of their noble teacher, Miss Louise Saunders.

Here her venerable father, Rev. Dr. Miles Saunders (for thirty-seven years the pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Springfield, Kentucky,) preached the gospel to increasing crowds of his Highland brethren. Few could preach as well, and fewer preach it under such difficulties and self-denial. The work grew beyond their strength, so God sent a noble Gordon woman to help, and then brought from a New York City church a strong young preacher, a Mississippian, and a graduate of Princeton, to help carry the burden and share the reward.

God gave him the heart and hand of this noble young woman, and Miss Louise Saunders became Mrs. Harvey S. Murdoch. Then, with united hearts and hands, they

went to work to build a school for the hundreds of Highland lads and lassies around them. They found willing hands to help them, and, though the people were poor in money, they were rich in forests. So the Highlanders gave logs and lumber and labor, and built the "Log College" on a mountain brow, facing Louise Chapel, with a beautiful campus between. Soon it was full, and no place to take others who wanted to come; so a nice girls' dormitory and a dwelling for teachers were built. All these were built of logs, sawed and squared and set with plummet and compass, the most beautiful houses of their kind in the State, and elegantly furnished with two hundred bright lads and lassies, many of them preparing to teach and preach the Gospel, we hope. Everything is crowded, college, dormitories and refectory, and many more to follow, when there is room. Six trained teachers are employed, and the Bible is the foremost text-book, and God's glory the chief object.

When Dr. Saunders and his wife and daughter entered this great mountain field, eight years ago, there was not a single church, or school, where a mountain boy could get an education. Now there are six nice churches and three homes for the missionaries, with three educated teachers and preachers; the Log College, with three other schools, taught by competent teachers, and over five hundred professors of faith in Christ. "Behold what God hath wrought." And for all this work not a single collection has been taken in any church. God built these houses by the hands of His wise and consecrated children all over the land.

This is a part of the work of the Society of Soul Winners. Its missions embrace the mountains of Kentucky,

Tennessee, North Carolina and Virginia. It simply pays the board of its faithful teachers and preachers. God will provide their reward when He divides the "Kingdoms and Crowns" in "that Day." And not for these only, but for all those whose prayers and alms have helped in His work among our poor Highland neighbors. Have you a part in this glorious work?

THE CHURCH ON THE GRAPE VINE.

Far up in the Kentucky Mountains, thirty miles by the river from Jackson, and the railroad, is a glassy stream known as the Grape Vine. It is out of the way to any other place, and the road to it is a bridle-path over the mountains.

For fifty miles along this branch of the Kentucky River there was no church. Some five summers ago I visited this destitute region, and preached in a little school-house on the banks of the river, amid the solitude of a primeval forest. The untutored children of the hills filled the little house, and God came down and saved some scores of precious souls.

Since then, devoted men have gone to them with the glad tidings of salvation. Mr. Wallin, Mr. Farnsworth, Dr. Witherspoon, Dr. Saunders, Mr. Fincher, and others, have labored faithfully at different times among them. Members were added, a church organized, and a house of worship built and made ready for dedication.

On Thursday, July 6th, with Rev. James A. Bryan, of Birmingham, Alabama, and Samuel M. Johnson, Jr., of New York, I started to the Grape Vine. These brethren

had kindly consented to help in our evangelistic work. It was their first adventure in the mountains. A ride of one hundred miles brought us to Jackson, the terminus of the mountain railroad. The scenery up the Red River cañon and the Kentucky River surpassed any they had ever seen. On our way we passed William Steinert, one of our missionaries at Oak Dale, and found two more faithful men at Jackson. Rev. Charles A. Logan had just been installed pastor of our church here. A most happy selection. His church had been burned on Wednesday night, but some insurance will help them build a better house, we hope.

Early Friday morning we three started for the Grape Vine, twenty-three miles over the mountains. Two little mules (of Dr. Saunders') furnished us transportation for ourselves and baggage, with one horse part of the way (when we did not walk). The city gentlemen showed their zeal by "patient endurance" of many hardships, and "rejoiced in tribulations," even beyond our hopes. They learned many things not taught in Birmingham or New York City, some valuable lessons in life's journey: how big the world is; how other people live; how poor some are, and how destitute of the Gospel.

In the long stretch of twenty-three mountain miles, we saw no church, and only one man trying to show them the better way, "Uncle Ben" Bigstaff, the faithful evangelist, at the mouth of Lost Creek, on the Troublesome. Here is a stream seventy-five miles long, and only one church on it. No comment necessary.

From there to the Grape Vine we had a rough ride (and walk), of thirteen miles across two mountains. On top of Leatherwood Mountain, the brethren sang, "Let

the blessed sunshine in," where the dark valleys only symbolized the deep spiritual darkness of the inhabitants. Brother Bryan remarked that he learned more of God and men in two days here than in two weeks at the Northfield School.

On the way we met an old man, walking. When he recognized me, he gave me his right hand (had before given his left), and said: "I have thanked God a thousand times for the Testament you gave me years ago on the Troublesome. I read it all the time." We thanked God for old Henry McIntosh and his Testament.

Night and the rain caught us before we reached the Grape Vine, and we found a resting place in three strange homes. Brother Johnson got lost before he found his place.

On Saturday morning we went around and brought a little congregation of fifteen to church, because there was no appointment for that day. Thanks to the labors of Mr. Fincher, Mr. Deggendorf, Edward and Tom. Moseley and Dwight Witherspoon, Jr., and native helpers, we found a pretty little white church on a high, grassy hill, surrounded by beautiful forest-clad mountains, overlooking the river and Grape Vine stream. I do not think I ever saw a finer location for a church. It is certainly "beautiful for situation," the joy of the whole valley. On Sunday it was crowded to overflowing. The patient people came early, and Brother Bryan began to preach at 9 A. M. We all preached by turns, and the services continued until 5 P. M., with a recess for dinner. This is their custom up here. At 11 A. M. we dedicated the church to the service of God. Four grown

persons united with the church, three of them received baptism,—one a leading citizen. and three young ladies.

Dr. Miles Saunders, of Crockettsville, was too unwell to be present, much to our regret. Brother Barkley, our synodical colporteur, and Jake Field, elder at Big Creek, came sixteen miles to the services. God gave us fine weather during this week, and we all preached every day, morning and afternoon, beginning at 9 A. M. and closing about 5 P. M. During the week, forty-four persons confessed Christ, forty-two of them adults,—one old man seventy-three years old. Forty-three united with the church on profession, and one by letter, and there was great rejoicing (and some shouting) on Grape Vine. Most of the people walked to church, and a good many carried their little children. One mother brought a little fellow, only sixteen days old, every day.

Brother Mitchell, pastor at Hazard, came down on Monday and was with us at the burial of Mrs. Major John Eversole, one of the oldest inhabitants. The burial (as usual) was on the summit of a mountain peak, with a grand view of the river and country for miles. Her granddaughter, a fine girl, has been conducting the Sabbath school and is not afraid to walk three mountain miles to do it.

Thursday night I went three miles down the river to Mrs. Dr. Wilson's, over a way where one needed wings. The river had washed the road away and hardly left a dangerous bridle path. Yet these earnest people travel such a way to hear the Gospel.

I found Mrs. Wilson living at the home of James Moore (a Methodist preacher), who had killed his brother there, and in sight of the place where Jacob Neece had killed

the United States marshal, William Byrd. Two widowed women, alone, live on this side of the river, with only mountains in sight, and away from the road and world. I have never seen a more isolated or lonely place. But God was there to protect and comfort his secluded children.

On Friday afternoon Brother Bryan and I started for Crockettsville, in Breathitt County, thirteen miles away, to meet an appointment with Dr. Saunders. Brother Johnson remained to preach on the Sabbath, when eight more confessed Christ, making fifty-two received this week.

We found the way to Crockettsville about as good (or bad) as all the roads. They all run up or down streams, along narrow valleys, over rough mountains and across rivers.

We crossed the middle fork of the Kentucky River at Gross' Store, came near getting lost on Squabble Creek, and reached Callahan's about dark. (This reminds me in time to give you a rest and take one myself.) At some other time I may tell you about the work at Crockettsville, where one year ago there was not a single church or Presbyterian, and now a beautiful new church, built by the mountain people, and one hundred and forty members.

PREACHING THE GOSPEL TO THE POOR.

When Brother Bryan and I came in sight of our last summer's camp, we found a pretty white church standing near the spot where the big tent stood last July. We

A Highland Family

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

could hardly believe it, but it was there, with the Sun, Moon and Stars painted over the door; a large, nice frame church building, the first in this country, and the only one built entirely by the inhabitants.

We hoped to rest on Saturday, but Dr. Saunders worked us from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M., except when he was working his troops in battalion drill. Acting on the suggestion to be "all things to all men," and knowing the martial spirit of his people, he had organized a company of fifty boys and girls, uniformed them in red caps, etc., and trained them in the manual of arms (and legs) and the Creed and Catechism.

I need not say it was well done. They marched and counter-marched up and down the creek, and into the church (his objective point), and sang "When the Roll is Called Up Yonder," so as to stir the spirit of an old soldier.

I was glad he did not ask me to show them how to repeat the Creed and Catechism. They knew it perfectly, without any assistance. It was a most interesting and instructive exercise. It captures the wild boys and timid girls, and puts them in the Sabbath school, and puts God's truth in their hearts.

The girls are taught to cut and make garments, to sing and read; and the best singing done in our meeting was done by this class. All honor to Mrs. Saunders and Mrs. Gordon, the faithful teachers.

Sunday was the "great day of the feast." People came on foot and horse and mule-back, and in wagons, for miles (some twenty miles), and filled the church and porch and outdoors.

Services began at 9 A. M.; at 11 we dedicated the

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new and beautiful church and furnishings to the worship of God, who built the mountains and loves their simple-hearted children. The church is handsomely papered and painted, with nice pews, carpet and organ, good enough for anybody.

The handsome pulpit Bible was the gift of Mrs. McCampbell, of Versailles, and the elegant silver Communion service the gift of Mrs. Dr. J. N. Saunders, whose beloved husband was so long an honor to his church and State.

Twelve persons united with the church on profession to-day, amid great rejoicing. At 5 P. M. we sent the reluctant people home.

This evening Brother Bryan received a telegram from Birmingham, Alabama, summoning him home to his sick wife, and he started at once to Jackson, twenty-one miles on horseback, through a big rain. We were greatly grieved to see him go, but could not object. His daily "walk and conversation" is a better sermon than we can preach, and his public ministry in the pulpit won all hearts. God will reward him for his faithful, self-denying service. He came all the way from his home in Birmingham to help us in this great work. It was not new to him, for he was a Soul Winner by nature and grace, both.

Brother Johnson came over from Grape Vine Monday (with Jack Gambill, and one mule), and rendered invaluable service during the week.

In spite of the busy season, and an epidemic of deadly dysentery among the people, the congregations increased daily, until Thursday, when we were crowded out again.

I suppose there were four or five hundred present, the whole day.

During the week Dr. Saunders conducted five funerals, at the church, of death from bloody flux. Not the least of the blessings of the Gospel to these poor people is the church for their dead, and a true preacher to point them from suffering and death to life and joy in heaven.

The Doctor's little wagon brought their dead to the church, and bore them away to humble graves among their solemn mountains.

At every service there were confessions of Christ, and on Thursday morning, Dr. Saunders baptized thirty-four persons, and others in the afternoon. Altogether, there were forty-five additions to the church this week, giving this church 175 members. It was organized on July 30, 1898, with only one person who had been a Presbyterian.

Truly God hath done great things for them and us, whereof we are glad and grateful. Let those whose generous help has made possible these blessed results thank God and rejoice in the glorious privilege. May God multiply their numbers and their rewards.

As is his custom, "the Old Serpent" came up "with the sons of God," the last day, in the shape of a big rattlesnake, and threatened to draw some away, but a well-directed blow by the seed of a woman bruised his head beyond recognition or recovery.

Want of time and strength compelled me to close my service on Thursday evening.

Two Sabbaths from my own church admonished me of my duty to those generous people, so at 5 A. M., Friday morning, I started to the railroad at Elkatawa,

eighteen miles away. I found the road down the river and over the mountain somewhat better than last summer, and my little riding mule walked and trotted it, with a little persuasion, by 10 A. M.

COMING TO CHRIST BAREFOOTED.

How true that "one-half of the world does not know how the other half lives," even though that other half be their neighbors.

The accompanying picture will serve to illustrate this fact. This is a family of Americans,—pure, old Anglo-Saxon blood, unmixed for hundreds of years,—true, honest, industrious, brave people.

That they are poor is the fault of their environments; they are the inhabitants of the rugged Cumberland Mountains, where the land is scarce and unproductive, and money scarcer.

On a preaching tour through that country, I pitched my tent on a bench of a mountain, for want of a church or a better place. There was no church in miles, and never had been one.

The people came for miles, walking, and riding on horses and mules, over mountains and along rivers. They came early, as soon as they got their breakfast, and stayed until late in the afternoon. They sat upon rough boards, rocks and rails, and listened to the Gospel, which was a new story to them. Most of them went without dinner. For days together they listened eagerly to the Gospel for four or five hours a day.

On going to the big tent, one day, a man came to me,

and, taking me to one side, told me he had no shoes, and asked me if he could join the church bare-footed. I assured him he could do so, gladly. God cared nothing for shoes. He could go to heaven barefooted, though he might not go to Congress. He was delighted. His want of shoes was not due to laziness. He was the father of a large family in a poor country, and it was all he could do to keep the wolf from the door, by hard work. He wanted to be a Christian, and if he waited until he was able to buy shoes, the opportunity to join the church would be gone; so he came to request this privilege, as he was barefooted. After the sermon that day, I gave an opportunity to any who were ready to accept Christ as their Savior, to make a public confession of their faith, and he was the first one to come.

There was a large congregation of his neighbors present, many of them as poor as he was. They esteemed him as an honest, true man, and were glad he had the courage and grace to come, and many came with him. His own wife came, with a babe in her arms, to accept the same Savior, with her husband.

There was rejoicing that day, not only under the shadow of the tall Cumberlands, but in the sunlight of heaven, on the mount of God. Seventy-seven persons, almost all grown, publicly confessed their Savior, and seventy of them received baptism.

There is not a church in that country yet. Few of the people ever saw one; but your faithful missionaries are now teaching these long-neglected people how to be saved and live for the glory of God.

These, and fifty other missionaries, are supported by the America Inland Mission, organized to send the Gos-

pel to the three millions of destitute people of our own country, who live in the great ranges of the Cumberland and Allegheny Mountains.

God has greatly blessed this work, which is supported by the voluntary gifts of his generous children of every branch of the church, all over the world.

We ask your prayers and help.

A VISIT TO CATALOOCHEE.

IN THE GREAT SMOKY MOUNTAINS.

If you are not a mountain-climber you had better not undertake this trip. I am not sure I would have done it if I had known what I know now. God wisely conceals the future from us.

Our faithful missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Barrows and Mr. Burton, had lived and worked there a long time, alone, and I thought it was little as I could do to go to see them. So, past the Cumberlands and Knoxville, Morristown and the French Broad, we went to Newport, on the beautiful Pigeon River, flowing out of the North Carolina Alleghanies. There we walked a mile to board a little car half full of flour, etc., on the new railroad up the river, for Cataloochee, in the Great Smoky Mountains. At Hartford, a little station, we met Mr. Barrows and Mr. Burton, who came to escort us to their little eyrie in the mountains. It was well they did, for though I have been climbing the Cumberlands since a boy, and the Alleghanies and Rockies, I do not think I could ever have found that home in the Great Smokies.

Mr. Barrow's Mission House in the Great Smoky Mountains

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We left the cars where there was no road, and walked half a mile to the iron railroad bridge over the rapid river, which was too dangerous to cross in a boat. Mr. Barrows showed me where he and his family came near being drowned in attempting to cross. Over rocks and stumps and trees, where there was not even a path, we made our way down to the mouth of the gorge in the mountain. Here we met little Milburn Brown, with one of the only three horses in the neighborhood, for me to ride.

The way we went was up a rushing, roaring stream, which came down five hundred feet in a half mile, like a dozen cataracts of Lodore. It was magnificent, but it was not a road; but it was worth a trip to one who never saw nature in her wildest mood, and most magnificent dress. In that deep mountain gorge I found the most magnificent hemlocks I had ever seen—big and tall as the cedars of Lebanon; giants of the primeval forest. Among these I found a rare tree of most beautiful white and pink bell-shaped flowers, and called by the natives the Tizwood. I had never seen it before. It blooms alongside the dogwood, but had a more beautiful flower.

A mile up this cataract brought us to the little mission-house of Mr. Barrows. It was perched in a cleft of the mountain, under the shadow of Old Smoky, which reared its white head four thousand feet above, and marked the boundary between Tennessee and North Carolina. Mrs. Barrows and three little children (Lavanche and her little brother, and a borrowed one) gave me a hearty welcome to the humble home—where contented poverty lived happily with Jesus. It was a lovely Christian home and well served as a vestibule to the golden pal-

aces beyond the tall summit of Old Smoky. Mr. Barrows (for want of any place to live) had built his own little house, and propped it up with long poles to keep the big storms from moving it down on the river below. It was not pretty or warm, but better than the Master had. (It will be warmer next winter.) One little stove did the cooking and washing and ironing, and warming the house, when it could. And in this humble home, in the roughest, poorest country I ever saw, I found an educated, cultivated, gentle Christian woman, as happy as she could be, in her labors of love among these poor, but grateful, children of the great mountains. It was a privilege to be there. It was in the suburbs of heaven, more than two thousand feet above the troubles of the world below.

That Monday night we all walked half a mile to a little school-house, where I preached to a house nearly full of people, all of whom had walked, for want of a better way. I couldn't see where they came from, but the mountains seemed to open, and they came out of vales, and dells, and nooks, all around. How they lived I do not know, but God, who feeds the birds, will not let His children starve, though I know some of them get hungry.

It rained that night, or, rather, poured down, and all the next day, but we were five hundred feet above the roaring river, and felt safe, and sorry it rained. But the good people waded through mud and water to the little school-house at 9 o'clock A. M. (meeting takes up here at 9 o'clock), and it was about full of poor, wet men, women and children, without a single umbrella or overshoe. I did my best, but couldn't preach well enough for such people. Jesus only could do that.

But I must get along to Cataloochee, Brother Burton's mission-field in North Carolina. He was just recovering from a spell of sickness and was not able to go with us, so Brother Barrows, on a little piece of a mule, and I on the only horse I saw, waded through the rain and mud over the mountains and down the valleys to Cataloochee, on Big Creek, in North Carolina. Here we found some three hundred people, in a large commissary store, where I preached, from a chair, while they all stood up. The men were off work on account of the rain.

Mr. Burton is doing a good work here, under many disadvantages, but the management promises to build a school-house soon, which will serve for a church also. The Cherokee Indians, who live just up the river have a good school and church, provided by the government, so that the red children are better educated than their poor white neighbors. On our way back, I saw the only church in the country—a log house, but the roof was off, the floor gone, and the benches piled up in the corner, all for want of religion. It does not always operate that way. It did here, and in Jeremiah's time.

Night found us all back in the school-house, which was again full of wet people who walked through the rain in the dark, without a lantern or an umbrella It will take heaven to "even up" things for such people. This was my last service here, and many came forward to express their desire for salvation and faith in Christ. Mr. and Mrs. Barrows have been prayerfully and faithfully sowing the good seed in this wild and sterile soil, and God will "give the increase."

The want of good schools here moved them to under-

take to build the "Seminary of the Great Smokies," where these scores of bright mountain boys and girls can enjoy the advantages of other more favored people. I was glad to find the foundation laid, and the frame up for a building of six rooms, the first school of its kind in all this wild region. They need help to complete it. The poor people, with little else to give, have contributed some lumber, and much labor, in digging out a foundation in six feet of rock in the mountain-side. I doubt if there is a "higher" school anywhere, and the children will have to climb like squirrels to reach their Alma Mater on that mountain brow. But it was the best and only place to build it, for land is scarce in the Great Smokies, and it all stands on its edge. The flood continued all night, and if these mountains had not been built of rock, they would have been washed away.

An engagement compelled me to leave the next morning, and I was sorry I could not stay longer to help those faithful missionaries. They deserve more than they will ever receive this side of heaven, but they are content "to labor and to wait."

The little Brown boy and "Joe" brought me down to the railroad and river another way, not quite so bad as I went up. The flood of rain had converted the river into a raging torrent, rushing down from the North Carolina mountains. It had overwhelmed the track in some places, and undermined it in others, so that it took all hands from 8 A. M. to 12 M. to get back to Newport without getting drowned. In the whole twenty miles, the roaring, rushing river tore down the narrow defile between the mountains of rock, like the rapids of Niagara. Night brought me to the hills of the Watauga,

and to the mission of our faithful evanglists, the Parmelees. I found them in a little log-cabin, at the head of a hollow, just wide enough for a horse to get through. They were busy and happy teaching twenty-five bright children of the hills every day in their little cabins, and seventy-five people every Wednesday night, and one hundred and fifty every Sunday, in an old deserted Dunkard meeting-house, half a mile below.

This is the work the Society of Soul Winners is doing in fifty missions, scattered over the mountains of Kentucky, Tennessee and North Carolina, beyond all others. It is for the regeneration of a race of Highlanders, long neglected, and worthy of a better fate.

IN THE GREAT SMOKY MOUNTAINS.

After a long time and over a long road, I made my third visit to the Great Smoky Mountains, which divide Tennessee from North Carolina. The evening of the second day I reached Brown's, a little station on the rapid Pigeon River, some twenty miles from Newport, Tennessee. Clever Mr. Messer met me with the only horse in the neighborhood, and I climbed five hundred feet, in two miles, up to the Seminary of the Great Smokies, where I found Miss Margaret Gordon and her mother. They have charge of this mission, and are universally beloved, for their own, and their work's sake. There was no appointment for preaching, until nearly dark, but a good congregation nearly filled the chapel. Where they came from, one could only guess, for few houses were visible in these wild, steep mountains; and

it was equally hard to see how these people make a living, in the poorest country I have ever seen. Miss Gordon has a most interesting school, and the only one I ever remember with every pupil present. I preached three times the next day to most earnest congregations, every one of whom walked, and a number made confession of Christ. The post-office at the Seminary is kept by one of the grown pupils, who told me his salary was four dollars a month, which nearly paid his board. A tall Highlander carried the mail, on his shoulder, to the railroad, which consisted of two letters and three postals that day. He carries it three times a week. This Seminary, built by Mr. Barrows, is a monument to the energy and consecrated zeal of a noble man and his wife. It is a large, substantial building, five hundred feet above the river, and four thousand five hundred feet below the top of the White Rock Mountain, which divides the two States. Miss Gordon and her mother occupy the upper rooms of the Seminary, which are level with the mountain behind it. Rev. Mr. Gordon and Mr. E. M. Monroe, Jr., have visited and preached there during the summer. It is a promising and successful mission. Want of time compelled me to leave early on Thursday morning for the Ebenezer Mission, seven miles back of Del Rio, on the French-Broad River. From the Seminary, we had to descend to the river, down a roaring cataract, which an enterprising Highlander had harnessed to a little mill, where his few neighbors could get their grinding done. My guide informed me the mill cost ten dollars. Money is scarcer in these rugged mountains than the courage and industry that make a living for the hardy people. At Newport I had a pleasant hour with

Brother Black, who speaks John Knox's brogue and orthodoxy, among an appreciative people. At Del Rio I met Miss Leona Blake, of South Carolina, on her way to the mission. Mr. Munroe met us at Del Rio with a horse and mule to carry us seven miles up the Big Creek and across the mountain to the Ebenezer Home. We reached there at dark, after Miss Blake's horse had thrown her over his head, and then she traded him for the mule, after which we went safely. We found this mission, founded by two devoted Moravians, now in China, in a flourishing condition and hopeful of greater things. It is admirably managed by Miss Margaret Allison, of North Carolina, ably assisted by Mr. Marshall Munroe, Jr., of Texas, and Miss Annie Laurie Williams, of South Carolina. With commendable forethought, they had announced preaching that night and every day over the Sabbath. Rev. James B. Converse, of Morristown, who arrived to-day, on his regular visit to the mission, preached a most instructive sermon the first night. On Saturday, Sunday and Monday we had preaching twice daily to fine congregations. At night the chapel was crowded, and on Sabbath morning the Sunday school filled the chapel, dining-room and porch. I do not know where I ever saw a finer lot of Highland lads and lassies. It would have done Dr. Phillips' heart good to have been there. We were sorry he was not. During the services the profoundest attention was given, and more than a score of persons professed faith in the Savior. Miss Williams' school, also, was nearly unanimous in accepting Christ. It was a season long to be remembered by the people in these wild, poor mountains, so far from the blessings others enjoy, and which some

do not appreciate. The follies of fashion, and the dissipations of society have never invaded those quiet hamlets in the Great Smokies. I did not see a single big hat or a fashionable dress. Mr. Munroe is busy pushing the chapel to completion. It is a large substantial building for school and church, with rooms above for teachers and pupils. It has long been needed. The poor Highlanders take great pride in it, and freely give their labor, having little less to give. Other engagements compelled me to leave early Tuesday morning, and Mr. Richard James brought me a mule to ride back to Del Rio, nine miles, by his home on the Muddy Fork of Big Creek. Here I found the coziest cottage and prettiest cove I have ever yet seen in the Great Smokies. Mr. James generously offered to give fifteen acres of land, and other help from the neighbors, if we would give them better advantages of education and religion. We visited the school-house over the mountain, and found it filled with bright children, taught by a nice young lady, in a poor, open cabin, which could not be warmed. The school is to last four months, if Jack Frost does not close them out sooner, which he probably will. How can these Highland children ever get a chance to be educated under such circumstances? And they are the brightest children of the purest stock, and lots of them. On the way to Del Rio, we called at a little house by the road-side and the happy mother brought out her three boys, all of the same age (four years), named "Bob," "Taylor," "Ed" Carmack and John Cox (two governors and a senator of Tennessee). No wonder Dr. Dabney said "these Highlands are the nursery and training ground of our country." No wonder their ancestors

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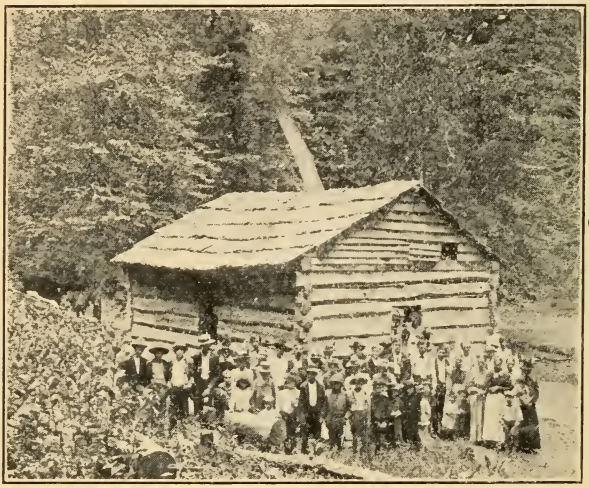
New Chapel at Ebenezer



School At Hell-for-Sartin

won the battles of King's Mountain and New Orleans. We need these Highlanders to leaven the great influx of foreigners, seven millions of whom entered our country in the last ten years. That night found me at Morristown, where I stayed with Dr. McConnell, at Brother Converse's hospitable home, after inspecting the Doctor's splendid new church, which appeared magnificent, when I remembered the poor cabins of the Great Smokies. Seven o'clock the next morning I took the train to Watauga Hills, where I met Rev. R. F. King, the faithful bishop of the "Forks," where he has built a nice church on the spot where I preached some years ago to the people seated on the ground. Here I also met the veterans of our society, Mr. and Mrs. Parmelee, who, ten years before, to the day, entered the Soul Winners' work in "Bloody Breathitt" County, in the Kentucky Cumberlands. "Though faint, they are still pursuing," helping with prayers and pen, His cause, for whom they left their home in New York and Connecticut many years ago.

For them, and all these self-denying missionaries, we beg the help of your prayers and alms. They are worthy of both. They labor in the "regions beyond" churches and preachers, with no hope of reward but the approval of a good conscience, and the plaudit of the King whom they serve.

A FLYING VISIT.

A brief account of a hurried trip to our missions in the Great Smoky Mountains may not be uninteresting,

especially to those who have so liberally sustained the work, and the workers. A fast train carried me over three hundred miles from my home, to the rushing waters of the French-Broad River, North Carolina. The same train bore to the Missionary Conference at Asheville many friends from all over the South. I was sorry I could not have the pleasure of such company and entertainment. At Del Rio, near the North Carolina line, I left the railroad, and with Rev. Dan Little, boarded a lumber-wagon for our Ebenezer Mission.

As there was no bed nor boards on the wagon, we had to ride on the axle, seven miles over a terribly bad road. I had to ride backwards, as Brother Dan was not well, and had to occupy the seat on the axle with the driver. It was a rough experience, but an old soldier should not complain. At Del Rio we met a warm reception by the noble ladies who conduct the Ebenezer Mission—Miss Alice Warren, assisted by Miss Rose Cunningham (lately a missionary to Cuba). These were reinforced by Miss Ella Keigwin, from Florida, who also had experience in mission work. It would be hard to find three better Christian workers. They had anticipated our coming, and prepared to keep us from getting lonesome in these Great Smoky Mountains.

Appointments for preaching had been made for that night, and twice on Saturday and twice on Sunday. The people came day and night with commendable zeal, though the roads were rough, and they all had to walk. On Sunday the chapel was crowded, and many made confession of faith in the Savior.

This is a splendid mission plant, of three stories, nicely furnished, the gift of Mr. Nowack, the Moravian, to the

Soul Winners. Early Monday morning we started on our way to Mr. Barrows, at the Seminary of the Great Smoky Mountains. Mr. Little went on to Asheville, via Del Rio. I crossed the mountain, on a little mule, to the railroad, and walked two and a half miles on the railroad to Bridgeport. I preferred the mule and the mountain, and walk, to the axle-train to Del Rio. At Newport, Tennessee, I took the little "Pea Vine" railroad up the Pigeon River. At Brown's, up the river about twenty miles, Mr. Barrows met me with another mule, and we climbed five hundred feet up the Great Smoky Mountain, to the seminary.

Everything was greatly changed for the better, since my former visit. The large Seminary had been built, and furnished, the mission-house greatly improved, and another Grace had been added to this excellent family. They were all well, happy and busy, and nearer heaven than most of us.

I reached the home at 6 P. M., Monday. At 7 P. M. the Seminary Chapel was crowded with about one hundred people, all of whom walked, after a hard day's work. This is the busy season here and everybody works, with no exception, even the women and children. It is an awful poor country, and so steep; most all work is done with the hoe.

The mission here is prospering, after some four years' hard work of these faithful and efficient missionaries. At six the next morning I took the train for the mission-field in Mitchell County, North Carolina. Providence sent clever John Stewart to meet me by chance, and give me a cordial welcome to his hospitable home. With only Sunday morning to give notice, the new and com-

modious church was full at 11 A. M. Is it a wonder God loves the mountains and the mountaineers? Nearly every great event in the life of Christ is connected with some mountain, from His first sermon to His crucifixion and ascension. Three splendid North Carolina women, teachers of our missions in this county, met me at the church—Misses Bessie Knox, Mary Price and Elva McDowell. No wonder the old North State is proud of her daughters.

Monday morning found me going down the rushing Estatoa, through the great gorge of the Iron Mountain to our missions on the Watauga. Here I visited those Nestors among the Soul Winners—Mr. and Mrs. Parmelee—who have, for six years, held forth the word of life to the neglected Highlanders of Kentucky and Tennessee, and who are determined to die at their post. May that day be distant. Brother King and his faithful wife met me at the station and accompanied me. I was sorry I did not have time to visit them and their field in Smoky, where they are trying to build a chapel. The congregation sat on the ground, under the Oaks, when I preached there last.

At 6 A. M. the next morning I started to visit the mission of Misses Davidson and Hartwell, on Camp Creek, forty miles below, under the Great Nola Chucky Mountain. Nine miles of bad road from Greenville brought me to the mission where Miss Davidson lives and labors. Her companion, Miss Hartwell, had gone to Rochester, New York, to solicit funds to help build a larger school-house and a little mission-house to live in. They are most deserving and self-denying Christians, and doing a noble work among those poor people,

who live on the borderland of the world. I wish I could lend my eyes to the Christian people who read this account. Then we would not need money to give a scant support to these faithful teachers, and tens of thousands of our poor countrymen would have the Gospel, and richer rewards await the faithful helpers "at the Great Day Coming."

BEAR CREEK.

That name is neither euphonious nor classical, but it is more. It is immortal. Like the annals of the poor, its story is short and simple.

One mild September afternoon, our horses carried us over a mountain, through an unbroken wilderness, to the head of Bear Creek. Its waters divide "Bloody Breathitt" and classic Lee Counties, Kentucky. Between wooded mountains, it winds its way to the Middle Fork of the Kentucky River, into which it empties its muddy waters several miles above the junction of the three rivers.

It lies in the "regions beyond"; beyond the railroads and turnpikes; beyond the blue grass and brick houses; beyond the churches and Sabbath schools.

The only road up Bear Creek is a devious path, probably not so good as when Daniel Boone killed bear and buffalo and Indians there a hundred years ago. The little "patches" of the settlers have pushed the path out of the narrow valley up on the mountain-side in many places. But Bear Creek is in "the world"—the world into which we are sent. It is peopled with "creatures"

—the creatures to whom we are sent to "preach the Gospel." The old log school-house was crowded with people, inside and out, and it was as easy to preach to those outside as inside. Indeed, there was not much difference between the two sides.

They had no church. Few of them have ever seen one. They had no preacher. Few of them ever passed that way. The people did not know much, but they knew they were sinners and needed a Savior,—knew they must die, and wanted a better home than the cabins on Bear Creek. So I tried to tell them of both. It was not much trouble. I did not have to read it. The text was the healing of the leper. It taught the hard doctrines of Calvinism, of our sin and ruin, and the glorious Gospel of healing and life. They felt the disease, and saw the Great Physician, and followed the leper to His feet, sixteen of them. It was Pentecost on Bear Creek. Old men and women, young men and maidens, and little children, sought His life-giving touch, and, I believe, received it. I baptized twelve of them, some of them well stricken in years. There was joy on Bear Creek and in heaven that night.

An humble log-cabin nearby furnished us shelter until next day. It was the home of two women, both of whose husbands had been murdered. Their house had only one room, but their hearts were four stories high.

At 10 o'clock the next morning and at four in the evening, I preached to the school-house full of eager souls. Ten more gladly received Christ, and were baptized.

THE MORMONS IN THE MOUNTAINS.

My reply to your request to write something about the Mormons has been delayed by other matters, and the hope that more competent hands would do it. The conviction that somebody should expose this monster iniquity of the century only impels me to comply with your request.

I shall have time now, only to give an outline of their origin and teachings. It would take volumes to fully set forth the history of this modern abomination.

I feel confident that many of our people do not know the character of this body, nor the magnitude of the effort it is making to spread its doctrines. General Eaton (ex-Commissioner of Education of the United States) says that their missionaries are estimated to number two thousand three hundred.

I know they are travelling all over our land, two by two, canvassing every school district, distributing literature, and preaching in public school-houses, contrary to our law, which says, "No sectarian, infidel, or immoral doctrine shall be taught in our school-houses." I have met them in the most distant and inaccessible parts of the mountains. "They compass sea and land to make one proselyte." They have more missionaries in Kentucky (and probably in every Southern State) than all other denominations together. They have members in every State and Territory but five, and have scores of missionaries in foreign lands, and are winning perverts to their faith by thousands. Of course, they are among the poor and ignorant classes, but they have souls, and constitute the mass of mankind.

As is well known, the founder of this sect was Joseph Smith, who was born in Vermont in 1805, but brought up in New York, at Palmyra. His mother was an ignorant and superstitious fortune-teller, and his neighbors pronounced him "an ignorant, idle youth, given to chicken-stealing." He could not write, though he could read, and his favorite books were "Capt. Kidd, the Pirate," and "Stephen Burroughs, the Clerical Scoundrel." How naturally his after-life took the complexion of his companions. His associates in starting his church were Sidney Rigdon, a backsliding preacher, and Parley P. Pratt, a travelling tin-peddler, all unscrupulous, cunning and characterless. They were followed by Brigham Young, whom Judge Goodwin (editor of the Salt Lake *Tribune*) describes as the "worst of men"; intellectually he was not bright, but he was full of animal magnetism; and though his heart was that of a sheep, there was a great deal of wolf in his forehead; possessing a stubbornness that never yielded, and a plausible tongue. His avarice was measureless. He never looked on without coveting his neighbor's fair wife, good horse, or profitable investments. From such a source nothing but Mormonism could proceed, and it is worthy of its parentage.

The so-called "Book of Mormon" is a romance, entitled, "The Manuscript Found," written by an invalid Congregational preacher named Solomon Spaulding, of Ohio, but never published. It gives in Biblical style a fanciful history of the Mound-builders, a people who are supposed to have preceded the Indians in the Ohio Valley. This manuscript fell into the hands of Smith or Rigdon (stolen probably), and was grossly altered to

suit their purpose. This is the "Book of Mormon." The Mormon Bible is a sacreligious imitation of the Holy Bible, changed to suit the revolting doctrines of the new faith of its founders.

"Joe" Smith was killed by his indignant and outraged neighbors, at Carthage, Illinois, in 1844. Pratt was killed in Arkansas in 1856 for stealing a man's wife. Rigdon was expelled from the Mormon church and given over to Satan by Brigham Young.

For doctrine, the Mormon church rests on two pillars, polytheism and polygamy, twin relics of heathenism: many gods and many wives. Take these away and it falls like the temple of Dagon.

Adam is the Mormon god, and all the rest of their gods were men, and became gods by practicing polygamy. They teach that "God, angels and men are all of one species."

They teach that the Holy Ghost is a man, one of the sons of our Father and our God. I quote their own language.

Their whole system is idolatrous man-worship. They teach that their gods are polygamists; that Jesus Christ had three wives.

Again, their chief god changes his mind when it suits him (or them) as he did in once denouncing polygamy (in 1830) and afterwards recommending it (in 1843) to accommodate Joseph Smith.

It is the fashion of their missionaries to deny these well-known facts, and especially their well-known practice of polygamy. But this is of a piece of their whole system of deception in beguiling the ignorant into their net. They are "wolves in sheep's clothing."

Rev. Dr. Wishard, of Salt Lake City, says that polygamy is fundamental to the system; that "it is now taught and practiced in all the towns of Utah, where it has ever been practiced." "The assertion that polygamy is dead would produce a smile on the face of an honest Mormon." This is the recent testimony of a distinguished clergyman who knows them well. "To live our religion is to live in polygamy," said their priest, McAllister.

John D. Lee, for thirty-seven years a Mormon bishop and priest, who was executed for murder, confessed that he had nineteen wives and sixty-four children.

"The Mormon Saints" (they call themselves the "Latter Day Saints") "have made Utah a modern Sodom, and the paradise of libertines." This is the testimony of Judge Boreman, for eight years associate judge of the Supreme bench of Utah, and before whom Bishop John D. Lee was tried before he was executed. It was Lee that led the Mountain Meadow massacre, in which more than one hundred and twenty innocent emigrants were murdered, and their property taken, in 1857.

Of course, you would not expect to find truth or sobriety or other virtues in such company. So we were told that profanity and perjury are almost universal. A resident of Salt Lake City challenged any Mormon to produce a single case where a Mormon was ever cut off from his church for murder, theft, lying drunkenness, fornication, profanity, or Sabbath-breaking. Miss Mary Cort (who taught five years in Utah) told me she never knew a Mormon who would tell the truth when it would convict another Mormon.

Prof. Coyner, for many years superintendent of Salt

Lake Collegiate Institute, says, "Business has thrown me among all classes of society in various parts of the world, but the most profane and vulgar address I ever listened to, I heard delivered by Brigham Young, the Mormon high priest and prophet."

"No pen can describe the demoralizing effect upon the young, nor adequately set forth the lack of morality on the part of a vast majority of young men and women who are brought up in connection with it. In fact, they don't seem to know what the term 'morality' means." So says Rev. Dr. McNiece, for many years pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Salt Lake City.

Of course, hatred and persecution naturally belong to such a system. And from the beginning they have waged an unrelenting warfare against all others.

Their creed teaches disloyalty to all civil government, and the President of the United States had to remove Brigham Young from being Governor of Utah, and appoint a law-abiding citizen of Georgia in his place.

Private murder by their "blood avengers" culminated at last in the "Mountain Meadow Massacre," when John D. Lee, a Mormon elder, with a band of Mormons and Indians, in Southern Utah, murdered, in cold blood, one hundred and twenty men, women and children, emigrating from Arkansas to California. This man, inspired by Brigham Young, was executed at last by the United States authorities, after twenty years' delay by the Mormons, who prevented his earlier conviction. The penalty for revealing the secrets of the Endowment House, where all marriages are celebrated, is "to have your throat cut from ear to ear, and your tongue torn from your mouth."

Their vindictive spirit may be learned from this expression of one of their apostles, "I do pray for our enemies. I pray that God will damn them and send them down to hell." Such is the spirit of Mormonism.

The degradation of Mormonism falls more heavily upon woman than upon man," says General Eaton. She is made the tool and the slave of their greed and lust. She cannot live on earth except as a concubine, nor enter heaven at all, except by marriage. "I have shed tears enough since I have been in polygamy to drown myself twice over." This is the language of a Mormon wife, of the prophet himself. Another said, "The plains from Missouri to this valley are strewn with the bones of those whom this system has killed, and the cemetery hill is full of them, but every one of these women is now wearing a martyr's crown."

Is anything else necessary to damn such a system? You wonder that it could exist at all in this country of ours. But remember the great majority of its adherents are very ignorant and poor people, and many are foreigners, who cannot read our language; many are sincere and honest in their belief because they are enslaved by wicked and designing teachers.

But I weary you, and have no space to say anything of the tyranny of their priesthood, nor the greed of their tithing system, with an income of a million a year, and no account of it given, nor of their celestial marriages (of the living to the dead), nor their baptism for the dead, nor their doctrine of the "blood atonement" which taught that a man might be murdered to save his soul. These are some, not all, of the tenets of this monstrous

crime of the nineteenth century, this open sore of the world.

I do not wonder that Rev. Dr. McNiece says, "Let Paganism, Judaism, Jesuitism, Protestantism and Diabolism be shaken up and the result is Mormonism."

God's description of this abomination is found in 2 Peter ii.

To his hands we confidently commit its overthrow, and pray for our country and our chilrden.

SATAN AND THE MORMONS.

For the information of those earnest Christians who are trying to send "the Gospel to every creature" I will give some account of an humble endeavor to preach it to our poor neighbors.

On Tuesday morning, July 19th, I left my home for the mountains of Kentucky with my little daughter, Annie, and her companion, Susie Chambers, to play the organ and help in the singing.

We spent the first night in Jackson, the capital of Southeastern Kentucky, and the next morning we started to the waters of the Middle Fork of the Kentucky River, twenty miles over the mountains. At Elkatawa, a mule-team took aboard the girls and baggage, organ, tent, boxes of Bibles, tracts, etc. Mr. Moore kindly loaned me his horse, and he rode with the girls and driver, John Spicer, in the wagon.

We got an early start, but had gone only a little way when one of our mules had a "spell," and fell down and rolled over in the harness. This operation he repeated

until he had consumed half a day and all of our patience, so we sent and got another mule, after walking across the mountain to the South Fork of Canoe Fork of the Middle Fork of Kentucky River. At Samuel Callahan's we found Mr. Leonard Mason, one of our "Soul Winners," who is laboring in that section, organizing and teaching Sabbath schools and distributing Bibles, tracts, etc.

Just as we crossed the Kentucky River, a big rain caught us and poured down for an hour or two on our heads, organ, tent, and "things," but poorly protected by a wagon cover, hastily stretched on sticks. Eight miles further up this beautiful river, in the rain, brought us to Crockettsville, which we found to be a movable post-office, sometimes up the river and sometimes down. It is at present located at the mouth of Long's Creek, at Mr. Deaton's. Finding no place there for our tent, we went a mile up Long's Creek to the fork at Mr. Callahan's. Here we found a Kentucky welcome and generous hospitality at Edward Callahan's. They took us all in out of the wet, and made us feel at home.

Thursday morning, a force of clever men helped us put up the big tent and seat it with rough planks from a saw-mill nearby. God had planted a grove of big sycamores there years ago, just where we wanted them, and by them we spread His tabernacle. At 2 o'clock we had it up, and at three, I preached to some forty people.

The next morning we began at half-past 9 o'clock, because the people came, and closed at 3 P. M., with recess for dinner (though a good many had no dinner). This order we maintained for ten days, only holding

until 4 P. M. generally. It was more teaching than preaching, or, rather, preaching that was teaching. The exercises were relieved by songs, prayers and sometimes exhortations of the two young men (Mr. Moore and Mr. Mason), who rendered valuable assistance in singing, seating the people, etc. Just as we expected, Satan came up with the sons of God and tried to break up our meeting. Before we could begin on Saturday morning, two leading citizens fell out and fought over seventy-five cents. They had come to church unarmed, and before they could get weapons we began our service, and at the close got both beligerants to our quarters and settled the difficulty. One paid the other seventy-five cents; both withdrew their insults and shook hands, and whipped the Devil.

On Sunday a great crowd came, and after the morning service one young lady, Miss Lucinda Deaton, came forward to profess her faith in Christ. At the afternoon services a number more, mostly grown persons, made confession of faith in Christ. None of these I received until further instruction and inquiry. While the mass of these people are unlearned in books, they are far from being ignorant. They are unusually bright, quick-witted and intelligent, but need instruction in the Bible, because of their long isolation from schools and churches. For fifty miles along this river there is only one church, a little log-building occupied occasionally by Baptist brethren. What other preaching they have is done in little school-houses, by their native preachers,—some good, some bad, all unlearned.

On Monday morning I lectured on the Morman Abomination, as I knew their missionaries were every-

where throughout these mountains, trying to mislead the people. I had sent to my friend, Dr. Wishard, at Salt Lake City, and obtained the best literature on the subject, and judged the heresy out of the mouths of its leading apostles. Miss Mary Cort, of Pennsylvania, for five years a teacher in Utah, was present and corroborated the facts from her own observation. This excellent Christian lady is now organizing and teaching Sabbath schools in the neighboring county of Owsley, and doing a noble work.

In spite of rains, every day, the congregations and interest increased through the week, and a number confessed their faith in Christ.

On Wednesday, Satan came up again, with two Mormon elders, who requested permission to explain their doctrines. I informed them I had already explained them,—all their "Thirteen Articles of Faith,"—even more fully than they did. They "believed in God" (several of them), but forgot to tell the people that they held that Adam was God, and Eve was one of God's wives; that Jesus was His Son, but not a Savior; that the Holy Ghost was a man; that they believed men became God's by becoming Mormons and marrying every woman they could "fool"; that no unmarried woman could go to heaven; that their Danites were organized to murder those who repudiated the Mormon heresy. They were shocked at my want of brotherly love, but confessed that Brigham Young had seven wives (he had nineteen or more), but excused him because he was a "Prophet of God." I said that I was somewhat of a prophet myself, and had only one, all that God allowed any bishop. They concluded that we

were incorrigible, and took a sudden departure for distant fields. The people were incensed at their presence, and bade them leave their country.

On Saturday, a very large congregation came and filled the big tabernacle, which had about five hundred seats. This morning I preached on the mode of baptism, as only one seemed to be known in this country, where I did not find a single Methodist and only one member of our Church. To-day a Universalist preacher came, but did not remain to both services. I asked the people if I should preach the whole Gospel, which said the "wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God." They asked me to preach the whole truth, and I did the best I could, and some fifty-four persons confessed the Savior that day. A big storm came up in the afternoon and blew my tent down, but we succeeded in getting it fixed without anyone being hurt. On the preceding Tuesday, Rev. Dr. E. W. Bedinger, in the employment of the "Soul Winners," came up and preached two excellent sermons, and then went to the Upper Quicksand to hold a meeting with our young missionaries (Allen and Crockett), who are laboring in that destitute country. On Wednesday, Rev. Mr. Baxter, of Booneville, came up and spoke a good word for our Lord. Rev. William Jones, of New York, an aged Presbyterian, teaching in Owsley County, was with us Saturday and Sunday, and rendered valuable assistance. At every service I gave a Bible or Testament to every family which had none, and it took some three hundred copies to supply the demand. Generous friends in New York had sent them for this purpose. Besides these, we gave away thousands of tracts, papers,

etc., all of which were gladly received. Many of the older people could not read, but their children could.

God gave us a good day on Sunday, and a great blessing. The people from four counties began to assemble at 8 o'clock A. M., and at nine the big tent was full, and hundreds stood outside. I suppose there were six or seven hundred people present; some said a thousand. (We could have done without about twenty-five babies, but didn't mention it.) At 9 o'clock Messrs. Chambers, Moore and Mason conducted a Sabbath school under difficulties in such a crowd. At 10 A. M. we began the services, and at the close of the sermon some thirty-two persons came forward to confess the Savior. It was Pentecost on Long's Creek, and the people were moved to tears of joy. At 2 P. M. I preached again, and fifteen more confessed Christ, after which Brother Jones and I baptized eighty-eight persons, most of whom were grown and heads of families. After this, by the unanimous request of the people, we organized a church with one hundred and thirty-one members. The congregation nominated and elected Albert Ingold, A. C. Adams and John A. Turner to be elders, all Christian men of age and experience, and of "good report." Mr. Ingold is a native of North Carolina; Mr. Adams, the only Presbyterian there before, and a teacher in the neighborhood. The deacons elected were Samuel Davidson, Jesse Spicer, and Daniel Turner, excellent young men in whom the people have confidence. These were duly ordained and installed by Brother Jones and myself, after their duties had been explained and the warrant and qualifications for these offices read out of God's Word. A subscription of about

four hundred dollars was raised to build a church. This is a good sum for poor people who were never taught to give anything to the church. Most of it was to be paid in lumber, work, etc., because they have little or no money. They thought they could build it without help. Edward Callahan, Berry Turner and Robert Deaton, three business men, were elected a committee to build the church. Arthur McDaniel, Joseph Smith, and Granville Riley were elected trustees. So closed a day long to be remembered on the Kentucky River, when God visited His children in the Highlands. At 5 P. M. I dismissed them, and they went reluctantly to their homes, some of them ten and fifteen miles away.

Many promised to set up a family altar in their homes. That God will keep them is our humble prayer. We ask yours also. We hope soon to see a faithful shepherd over this new flock of our Master's fold. In the meantime, Mr. Moore and Mr. Mason will teach the children in the Sabbath school and instruct the people as they are able. Having exhausted our time and strength, we began our journey home early Monday morning; but not until we had laid off the site for the church and broken dirt for the foundation. Another rain caught us on the way, but fortunately we had crossed the mountain. We reached the railroad four minutes before the train, and then home safely on Tuesday, thankful for the privilege of preaching the Gospel anywhere, and especially where it is so much needed and so gratefully received.

THE MISSION ON THE CANOE.

Away up in the Cumberlands is a little glassy stream, one of a thousand, meandering between mountains of green foliage, and called by the natives, Canoe.

It is so far out of the world few people ever find it, except "log men" and "sheep men," and the Great Shepherd's men, seeking for His lost sheep. Even these last-named have not been as diligent as their Master, for many of these lost ones are still wandering over the mountains without a shepherd or a fold.

Forty families live on this little stream, which is only a few miles in length, and many more live on the beautiful Middle Fork of the Kentucky River, into which Canoe pours its perennial tribute of pure water.

Early this summer, the Soul Winners established a mission there, and placed Mrs. Kate Robards, of Wilmore, Kentucky, and Mrs. Mattie Stewart, of Micanopy, Florida, in charge. Of course, there was no church there, nor Sabbath school, nor house where they could teach, but a deserted log-cabin which clever Ned Turner loaned the ladies after he had moved out his corn-fodder.

This little house was soon filled with men, women and children, all eager to hear the "sweet old story," which was new to very many of them.

I need not say, it was told them, as only a loving woman can tell it. Soon so many came Mrs. Robards had to move out of the cabin into the big room outside, under the broad-armed beech-trees, by the little stream. Here scores of children and old people, too, sat on cross-ties and learned lessons of eternal life. Mr. Elias Moore,

Mount Victory Mission, Pulaski County, Ky.

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a mountain boy, and seminary student, helped in the week and preached on Sunday to big crowds, who sat on the ground, on the side of the mountain.

The school went on week after week, and the children of the hills, quick of wit and light of foot, devoured the little Cathechisms, until they got to the big ones, memorized the Scriptures, and made their mountain dells echo with the songs of Zion.

In due time, Dr. Guerrant went up and spread a big white cotton church on the bank of the Canoe, to help the good women in their work of soul winning.

Little Anne took her mountain organ to help lead the singing. It is not necessary to say the children and old people came. They came in crowds, on foot and horse-back and mule-back. Came at 8 o'clock in the morning, and came to stay all day, and sit on a six-inch plank, within six inches of the ground.

God came, too. His Son said he would, even where two or three others come. He never fails. He loves to come to church and see His children. It is not necessary to say, He brought a blessing with Him. He always does.

Day after day, one and another of His humble children came back to His Father's house and heart; and on Thursday, there was joy on Canoe and in Heaven, when fifty confessed the Savior, and thirty-five were baptized. No such a day had ever been seen and felt on Canoe, and the people rejoiced to see it, and thanked God for it. Old Uncle Nathan Arrowood, born on the head of the Swannanoa, North Carolina, some eighty-four years ago, an old settler here, and Baptist preacher, was present,

and made an earnest exhortation, and thanked God he had lived to see that glad day.

Dr. Saunders had come down from his mission at Gross', some fifteen miles up the river, and preached better, I think, than he ever did at his old church, at Springfield. Mrs. Emma Gordon, Miss Louise Saunders and Miss Eliza Gordon, from the upper missions at Crockettsville and Squabble Creek, came down to see and to help; and Stuart Crockett, from Frozen Creek, also lent a helping hand. No wonder they came. It was good to be there. Nothing on earth has the drawing power of the Man on the Cross, when he is "lifted up." Every other attraction fades away when the Sun of righteousness arises on the soul, with the glory of heaven. He rose over the gloomy hills of Canoe that day, and will never set in all the eternity of some humble lives, who saw that "Great Light" for the first time.

It is due to say, that half the number, or more, owe their conversion to the faithful instruction of the noble women who had been teaching the mission school. Constellations of stars will form tiaras of undying glory for their brows in heaven. Dr. Guerrant could stay only one week, but Dr. Saunders and Mr. Moore continued the meeting over Sabbath, and received seventeen more members, by baptism.

The people determined to build a church, if possible, and raised a subscription of two hundred and fifty dollars for the purpose. They elected Messrs. Robert Davidson, Samuel Callahan, Ned Turner and Granville Spicer a committee to build the church, the first in the land.

This is one of three missions established and supported

by the Society of Soul Winners in this section of the Cumberland Mountains. Some three hundred children, and many of their parents, are being taught the saving truths of the Gospel, by six faithful women.

Dr. Miles Saunders has charge of this field, and is being greatly blessed in his work. Over one hundred souls have been added to the church in the last two months, and this is only one field occupied among hundreds that are as vacant and as promising as this was.

The Society has some twenty-five such mission schools, but that is "only a drop in the bucket." There ought to be hundreds and thousands.

"Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest, that He will send forth laborers into the harvest."

And prove the sincerity of your prayers by your gifts to this great and blessed work.

When a child I heard the people sing (and doubtless my mother among them):

"O'er the gloomy hills of darkness
Look my soul, be still and gaze,
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace!
Blessed jubilee!
Let thy glorious morning dawn!"

I did not know what that meant then; I know better now, since I saw the dawning of that glorious morning on the Canoe. And I think I can more sincerely say:

"Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel,
Win and conquer—never cease;
May thy lasting wide dominion
Multiply and still increase!
Sway thy scepter,
Savior, all the world around."

DEDICATION OF THE CHURCH OF THE CANOE.

A little more than a year ago, two mission teachers (of the Society of Soul Winners), opened a Bible school on the Canoe, a little branch of the Upper Fork of the Kentucky River. These were Mrs. Kate Robards, of Wilmore, Kentucky, and Mrs. Mattie Stewart, of Florida. They were afterwards assisted by Miss Mary Scrogin, of Versailles, Kentucky.

During the summer, Dr. Guerrant visited that section of the mountains and preached a week under a large tent. Some fifty persons confessed Christ and were baptized. Rev. Dr. Miles Saunders and Mr. Elias Moore were present and rendered valuable assistance.

The mission school suspended during the winter for want of a place to teach it. There was no church in the country, and no school-house that could be warmed.

When in New York, last winter, Dr. Guerrant received a promise from Rev. Harvey Murdoch's Sunday school to help build a church on the Canoe. That promise was faithfully kept, and the self-denying children of that noble church sent two hundred and fifty dollars to help build the church.

The work was begun in April, and the church finished on July 27th. Mr. Murdoch came on from New York to attend the dedication.

After a few days' rest at Wilmore, we started to the Canoe. A hundred miles by rail brought us to Elkatawa, where we were met by Mr. Addison Talbott, of

Versailles, Kentucky, another Soul Winner employed on the Canoe.

A horse, a mule and a road-wagon conveyed us over the mountain, eleven miles to the Canoe. It was very hot and dry, and all signs of rain seemed to fail. A large, live snake was hung by its tail over the road in a vain effort to make it rain. Not believing in such signs or snakes, Dr. Guerrant killed the snake and took the chances.

Evening brought us to the Canoe. To our surprise and delight, we found a beautiful church (24 by 40 feet) standing where the tent stood a year ago, the first church in that land, and the only one many there had ever seen. It was nicely painted white without, and beautifully papered within. Comfortable pews and a neat pulpit, beautiful flowers, and a crowd of happy children furnished it.

They had been singing since 2 o'clock, waiting for our coming, at five. The larger part of the credit for the building belongs to Mr. Talbott and Miss Alida Beyer, of Brooklyn, New York, who gave up her position as city missionary, and came to the Canoe in May to teach the children of the mountains. They worked with their own hands, assisting the carpenters to finish the church for the dedication.

Sunday, the 28th of July, was a beautiful day. The mountains of foliage tempered the sunshine and cooled the atmosphere.

The crowds, mostly on foot, gathered by 8 o'clock, and by 9 A. M. the house was crowded. Scores of children were glad to find seats on the pulpit platform. They had never seen the like before. By invitation,

Mr. Murdoch preached the dedication sermon, from Joshua xxiv, 15, and a most appropriate discourse.

After the sermon, some fifty persons came forward to profess their faith in Christ, many of them for the first time. A subscription was made of over thirty dollars, to pay a balance due on the church building. The church was then solemnly dedicated to the service of God.

It was the greatest event in the lives of these poor people, or in the history of the country.

This is the work of the Society of Soul Winners in one year, sustained by the gifts, and encouraged by the prayers, of many of God's generous children all over the land.

This neat, comfortable and substantial church, which seats two hundred and fifty people, was built at a cost not exceeding $350.00, and finished in three months' time, though the lumber had to be brought eight miles.

The Society is engaged in building three other churches in these mountains, but what are three to so many hundreds of churchless places, and so many thousands of Christless people?

Mr. Murdoch and Dr. Guerrant held services two days more, at 8 A. M. and 4 P. M., and on Tuesday evening baptized six persons, one a man who had kept a saloon.

On Wednesday, they went to Turner's Creek, where Dr. Saunders was holding services under a tent, the first and only church here, in a hundred years.

Crowds came on foot to hear the Gospel, and many have already accepted Christ. Inspired with new life and hope, they, too, have set to work to build a log

church, having no help, and being too poor to buy even rough plank. Dr. Saunders promises to have it done by September.

Dr. Saunders and Mr. Murdoch went on to Crockettsville, where Miss Mary McCorkle Wilson is teaching a mission in the church built there last summer.

Dr. Guerrant went by Lick Branch, a wild, poor country, where Miss Margaret Sinclair is teaching a mission of over sixty children, and their parents. He preached once in the school-house, and the first one to accept Christ was the oldest man in the house; and many others followed him. Dr. Guerrant baptized him and his daughter the next morning.

There is no church in this part of the country, but Mr. Adams, a native teacher, is employed by the Society of Soul Winners to hold services in the little school-house. He is a good man, though, like all the rest, he is very poor. Nothing seems to flourish here but crowds of bright, bare-footed children.

There was a large attendance at Crcokettsville Church, overcrowded sometimes at 8 A. M. and 4 P. M., and Dr. Saunders and Mr. Murdoch and Dr. Guerrant all preached every day for three days.

A few years ago there was no church in this country, and hardly a professing Christian; now there is a beautiful church building, and nearly every one a member of the church.

Mr. Murdoch returned to Canoe ,and preached on the Sabbath, and Dr. Guerrant preached at Crockettsville, where eight adults and ten infants were baptized by Dr. Saunders. The church could not hold the people. At

Canoe, Mr. Murdoch baptized seven more on profession of faith.

The Society has now six promising missions in this field, taught by Mrs. Saunders, Mrs. Gordon and Misses Wilson, Beyer, Sinclair and Pollei, aided by Dr. Saunders and Mr. Talbott.

There are no other missions or churches in this region, or beyond it, for many desolate miles. Have you a part in this great work? If so, rejoice and thank God. If not, help save your countrymen, and be saved in so doing.

ON THE CANOE.

A brief account of a visit to this mountain stream may not be uninteresting to some of our readers. I had to go, though I hardly had the time or inclination for such a trip. But duty knows no "convenient season," and Miss Withers, the faithful mission teacher, needed help, so I started the hundred miles into the mountains. A railroad wreck left me at the forks of the Kentucky River at dark, and no conveyance to bed or supper. So with some raftsmen I crossed the river in a little canoe and walked a mile and a half to "Old Canaan" (now fashionably called St. Helens). A clever man gave me a cold supper, and a warm feather bed. The early train took me to Torrent, the great rock-house-amphitheatre which God built, big enough to hold a congregation of ten thousand. Here I hoped to meet Miss Houston, from North Carolina, but she had just gone to Oklahoma, on the cliffs of the Red River, where she con-

ducted a mission so successfully last year. Her health compelled her to seek a lower country, but the people persuaded her to come back. Noon brought me to Elkatawa, where I met our good helper, Mr. Evan Evans, who had just returned from his mother's burial in New York. He said there were one hundred and twenty-five at prayer-meeting, this week, at Kessler Chapel. A mountain-climbing horse carried me ten miles to the Canoe, most of the way, up rushing Cane Creek, which overflowed the whole road, after a flood last night. I forded it lengthwise. The river rose sixteen feet, and swept away tens of thousand of logs and ties, the product of months of toil by the mountain men. I pity them. Night brought me to a little cabin on the Canoe, where Miss Withers, a noble daughter of Virginia, keeps one cat, one dog and one hen. By dint of pluck and perseverance she made it clean and pretty, with wall-paper and a broom. Like the toad, its jewel was inside, for it was homely enough outside. In her absence, I examined the garden, two feet wide, in the corner of the yard, planted in radishes, lettuce, etc., above the reach of the creek. A providential storm had blown a big sycamore across the swollen stream just where she needed it, to enable her to cross to the chapel, without wading. People in the lowlands fail to see such blessings in disguise, and miss the grandeur and inspiration of these mountains. I found Miss Withers knew how to cook as well as teach and write books, for she gave me two nice meals. Such things belong to a finished education, though some women never find it out. Sunday morning was as gloomy and foreboding as Satan could have wished, but God held up the rain and filled

the church with a most respectful and attentive congregation, who walked and waded to the house of God. She taught the whole Sabbath school alone, for want of a helper, though it was filled with children from five to fifty years of age. And some people think their highland neighbors need no help. In the afternoon she walked several miles down the river to teach another Sabbath school at the Beech Grove, and I had to meet an appointment at Turner's Creek at 3 P. M. To avoid the swollen river and a landslide, I took a nearer road over the mountain. It was my first (and last) trip by this way. I cannot describe it, in three languages. The entrance to the mountain path, like the way of life, was so straight and narrow I missed it, until turned back by a friendly mountaineer. The so-called road was a rocky torrent, four feet wide at its mouth, and it filled all the valley between the mountains. It narrowed to two feet half way up, and finally disappeared entirely in an abrupt ascent to the top. Riding was out of the question, and walking nearly as doubtful. I had a trained mountain horse, with prehensible feet, like a goat, and he was exhausted when he reached the top. But the wilderness and mountains repaid the toil and labor. Not even the song of a wild bird broke the awful stillness of this primeval forest. Only God could be seen and heard. I pity the denizens of the cities who never get so near to Nature, and Nature's God. But if the ascent was hard to make, or describe, the descent was unspeakable. It was dangerous even to lead a horse down the great masses of rocks almost perpendicular, with only a foot-hold occasionally, for man or beast. Chenowee and Pike's Peak were easy to it. I never wish my enemy

placed in such distress and danger. I reached "Tabby John" Turner's, at the foot of the mountain, alive and thankful. In the little log-cabin by Gordon Chapel I found the faithful missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Burville, who gave me a dinner and a good congregation, that came conveniently at 2 P. M., instead of 3 P. M. They have a difficult field, but I found to-day, and long ago, that "Jordan is a hard road to travel," but it leads to the land of perpetual milk and honey. I was impressed with their diligence in business, when he announced services of song and prayer, Bible study, and cottage prayer-meetings, etc., for nearly every night in the week, regularly, though this is the busy season, when everything that can lift a hoe is at work on the mountains. Dr. and Mrs. Saunders and Mrs. Gordon, who started this mission, left a fragrant memory here, and God is rewarding them. As I had seventeen miles to travel and two mountains to cross, this evening, I concluded to return by another way than the big mountain. The road was not so steep, but almost as rough. Night found me on the Puncheon Camp, after a hard ride through the mud and water. "Proctor Bill" met me at the big Indian Rock, and piloted me to Puncheon Camp, where I found Miss Sights installed as teacher, to the delight of everybody on the creek. The busy Highlanders had cut one hundred and twenty logs for the college, on the mountain tops, and dragged them down to the valley. They had already put up a little cottage for the teachers, and covered it with the remnant of my big tent which the storm had destroyed. Here Mr. Evans had preached yesterday in the second church on Puncheon Camp, to a good congregation. The first was the tent, by two

weeks. All were delighted and enthusiastic over the prospect of having a school and church, after waiting a hundred years. May God reward all who help them.

FROM THE "REGIONS BEYOND."

It was dark when I reached the new church, on the Middle Fork of the Kentucky River, and Brother John Baker DeVault was preaching a good sermon to an attractive little congregation, seated on rough boards.

I thank God for what my eyes beheld, the first church building on a river over one hundred miles long, in a county settled over one hundred years ago.

One year ago, there was but one Presbyterian on this river. Now this church numbers one hundred and seventeen members. One year ago I organized this church, out of doors, for want of a better place. Now we are worshipping in a large, comfortable and substantial frame building, capable of seating three hundred people. Though yet unfinished, it afforded comfortable quarters for our meeting. The church is built in Elder Jesse Spicer's front yard, donated by this liberal servant of God, besides a generous sum of money. It stands on a beautiful eminence, a high promontory, overlooking a great bend in the river, and in the center of a large population. The lumber used in the construction was brought on push-boats some forty miles, because there are no saw-mills on this river, except the ancient whip-saw, run by two strong men. This church owes much to dear Brother William B. Cooper and his faithful co-

worker, James M. Little, who supply this field with preaching.

The morrow was the Sabbath, and a great congregation filled the church, many coming as far as ten or fifteen miles, over mountain roads. Five persons, all adults, joined the church after the sermon, on profession of faith. The services were continued until Thursday morning, Brothers Cooper and DeVault rendering valuable assistance.

On Monday we had a big rain-storm. As half the top of the church was uncovered, and no windows, nor doors, the congregation got a good wetting. But they stood their ground bravely and took the rain rather than miss the service. God blesses such people. Brother Cooper held an umbrella over me while I preached. At the close of the service three persons came forward and accepted Christ, one an old man of seventy years. As the nights were so dark and the roads dangerously bad in places we held two services by daylight, at 10 A. M. and 4 P. M. A great majority of the people walked, many of them several miles, and most of them attended both services. All business, except the greatest business, was suspended, and the people came to hear and believe God. God honored their faith and devotion, and gave them a great blessing.

On Wednesday morning, after the service, twenty-three persons came forward to accept Christ, many of them aged people, twenty of whom I baptized, having never before belonged to any church. It was a rich compensation of God's love and mercy bestowed on His poor mountain children, who had so faithfully worked for His glory. That day repaid amply all they had done

and suffered in His blessed cause. Oh, that God would visit His older and richer churches with a portion of their zeal and their reward!

At the evening service, nine more united with the church, making thirty-two on that day. Engagements at Jackson compelled me to leave on Thursday morning, greatly to my regret. Fifty-six persons, almost all adults, had united with the church since Sunday, in four days. To God be all the glory.

On our way to Jackson, Thursday morning, at the urgent request of the people, we stopped and preached at 9 o'clock, in the little vacant log-house of "Buck Eye Bill Gabbard," on the head of the Puncheon Camp Creek. The house was literally packed, inside and outside, most of the men standing around the door.

After the sermon, eighteen persons, some of them aged people, and some of them bright children, came forward to profess their faith in Christ, most of whom were there baptized and added to the Middle Fork Church. This extraordinary result was due largely to the faithful efforts of the poor and humble mountain boy, Lewis G. Hensley, who, for nearly a year, has, almost unaided, conducted a Sabbath school in this neighborhood, teaching sometimes one hundred pupils, many of them how to read, all of them how to love and serve God. These additions gave the church at Middle Fork one hundred and ninety members before it is a year old.

Truly, God's arm is not shortened, nor his ear heavy. His word is still true. "Every one that asketh receiveth." These people believe God and "all things are possible to him that believeth." It is a good church, composed of the best people in the country, who love

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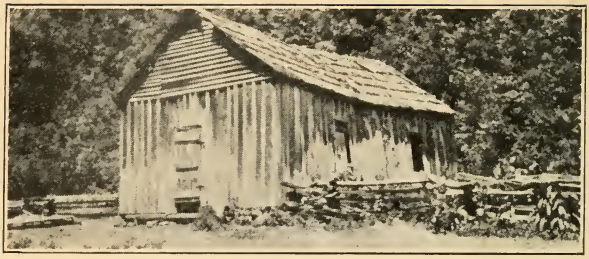

Old School House at Puncheon Camp

New School House at Puncheon Camp

their church "and show their faith by their works." Their elder rode about one hundred miles, on horseback, to represent his church in the last meeting of Presbytery, while some could not come twenty miles on the cars.

This church at Jackson is Brother Little's home church, and is a noble tribute to God's liberal children throughout Kentucky, who have contributed to its erection. It is the first church building of any kind ever erected in this old county seat, and the first frame church ever built in this large and populous country. We organized this church two years ago, in the old courthouse. We began without a single member; the church has now over one hundred members. Then there were only two or three Presbyterians in the county; now there are nearly four hundred, with two large churches already built and work begun on the third.

PUNCHEON CAMP.

Jesus made many humble names immortal. I was present when he touched Puncheon Camp and eternalized this little mountain stream, in the annals of heaven. It was on this wise:

Once on a preaching tour through the mountains, an humble, unlettered young man joined the church. Among a hundred others, he made no impression on me unless it was by his homeliness. He was so ill-favored that one would not forget him, though that would not recommend him to a very favorable consideration. On a subsequent visit he met me at the church on

the Middle Fork of the Kentucky River, and urged me to visit his Sunday school on Puncheon Camp. I was astonished that he had a Sunday school anywhere, especially on Puncheon Camp.

It was several miles from where he worked (as a hired hand), among a sparsely-settled people, in a narrow valley between big mountains. I had no time to spare to visit his school, but he urged so persistently I promised to stop on the Puncheon Camp Creek at 9 o'clock Thursday morning on my way to Jackson, and preach to his Sunday school. I could hardly believe that a Sunday school could be gathered at 9 o'clock on a week day, out of those wild, rough mountains. I did not know the man. It was blazing hot; I came near having a sunstroke as I crossed the mountain at the head of the Puncheon Camp, though I started early. By 9 o'clock I came in sight of the old deserted Gabbard house, where the Sunday school was taught. There was no other place to teach on that mountain creek. Imagine my astonishment, when I saw an anxious crowd of men, women and children filling the house, porch and yard at 9 o'clock in the morning. They had climbed the mountains and crossed the streams, on foot, to hear the Gospel.

My friend was there, and made a place big enough for me to stand, in a crowd that filled every inch of space both inside and outside the house. His equipment for Sabbath school consisted of one small copy of Gospel Hymns (words only), and a small ten-cent Testament. Out of these he taught the Puncheon campers to sing, and love Jesus. He led the singing and I preached. It was no trouble. A man couldn't

help preaching there and then. A hundred eager, earnest people sitting on the floor and porches of a mountain cabin would make the dumb speak, and the stones cry out, if others were silent.

The poor, untutored lad who had spelled out the story of Jesus' love to the simple mountain folk had sowed the seed of the Kingdom, I watered it, and God "gave the increase." I don't remember the sermon, but I do remember that when I was done, eighteen souls, some well stricken in years, some in the dew of youth, came forward to say they believed in Jesus, and rejoiced in the new-found hope of everlasting life. It was not far from there to heaven that day, for God makes heaven, and He was there. His finger touched their eyes, and they wept tears of penitential grief; touched their hearts, and they opened them to the footsteps of the King; touched their lips, and they "rejoiced with joy unspeakable, and full of glory." Jesus immortalized Puncheon Camp with His presence that day, and enrolled its name among the trophies of His grace. The humble name of Lewis Hensley may never pass the horizon of his mountain home, but it is known and honored in heaven, and will outlast and outshine the names of all earth's conquerors, who never knew and loved the lowly Nazarene. He was a Soul Winner.

> "Are you allured by peace and velvet ease?
> The choice is yours to seek them, if you please.
> Then tempt me not, while these, my brother men,
> Crawl up the stairs of pain on bleeding knees."

TWENTY YEARS AFTER.

I made my second trip to Puncheon Camp last Sunday. The old people had most all crossed the River of Death, and the children were grown and married. Only the beautiful green mountains and the glassy stream remained the same. Those living remembered me well, and received me with a characteristic Highland welcome. There was no school-house or church yet on this creek, though twenty years had passed away. I stopped at Mr. Breck Herald's for dinner. Twelve handsome children blessed his home, and had not placed a wrinkle on the gentle mother's face. The youngest was burdened with my hard name, but seemed as happy as the rest. They begged for a chapel and a school. They never had one, and no one to help build it. Mr. Herald offered to give an acre or two of his little meadow and a hundred dollars to build the chapel, and board the teacher free, and give up the best room in his house for the school. The neighbors were as anxious as he for help. By God's help they shall have the chapel and school-house before the snow falls, and a teacher before harvest.

Soon after dinner, with little Mary Hamlin behind me, and "Proctor Bill" for guide, we went up the Puncheon Camp, by Mr. Gabbard's, where I preached twenty years ago. He was alive and grateful and paralyzed. He deserves a better home, and will soon get it.

We then crossed the Chenowee Mountain. Mr. Little forewarned me, it was a rough one, and that means unspeakable to lowlanders. My vocabulary is not equal to

Chenowee. By hard holding and pulling we managed to climb to the top of the pass, but nothing availed us in coming down. Even "Proctor Bill" gave it up, and horses and all slid down, over rocks and steps, and gullies and ravines, to the little school-house of Chenowee at the foot. I once rode a mule to the top of Pike's Peak, and had a better road than down Chenowee.

We found the school-house full of serious men and women and bright, pretty children. Their eyes and faces were fresh and bright and comely, painted by the pure mountain air, and water, and sunshine.

Our faithful mission teacher, Miss Emma Withers, had walked three miles from Elkatawa, after teaching her own Sabbath school. Miss Mary Robertson, just arrived from Paris, Texas, came with her, and helped "Proctor Bill" lead the singing. I preached the best I could, and they listened better, for it was newer to them than it was to me.

They were glad to know that they were to have a Sabbath school, and such a fine teacher as Miss Mary Robertson. She began her school Monday morning. For the present, she will teach only till noon, so the children can go home and help in the corn crop, their main and only dependence for bread. The Chenowee School-house is in a Paradise of God's planting, of great oaks, and beech trees, and mountain wild flowers. Here Mr. Little has been gathering the untutored Highlanders in Sabbath school this spring, and preaching as he had opportunity. It was a privilege and pleasure to help him, and them and take God for our reward.

I am glad to say that faithful Lewis Hensley is still

at work in the vineyard, living on the neighboring stream of Shoulder Blade, and doing what he can for his Master and His lost sheep on the mountains. Have you a part in this glorious work?

"Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! Oh, Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name!"

"BLOODY BREATHITT."

The recent bloody record of this county probably justifies this article. When a soldier, I several times crossed this county, and served in the army with many of its sons. For twenty-five years I have travelled all over it, preaching the Gospel, and have some knowledge of its people.

Breathitt is a large county, in the Kentucky Cumberlands, lying on the North and Middle Forks of the Kentucky River. The mountains lie en masse, and not in ranges like the southern mountains, so that the valleys are narrow and tortuous. The people live along these narrow valleys. The only cereal raised is corn, and not enough of that to feed the 15,000 people who live on it. The lack is supplied by logging, principally, and digging ginseng and other medicinal roots, with some stock and coal. One railroad, the Lexington and East-

JACKSON—THE CAPITAL OF "BLOODY BREATHITT"

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ern, reaches Jackson, the county seat, some one hundred miles from the Blue Grass capital.

When I first visited the county as evangelist, over twenty years ago there was not a church in it of any kind, and not a regular preacher. I preached in the court-house at Jackson, and organized the first church there.

The village had no school-house, and no house of worship. The county was then known as "Bloody Breathitt," on account of deadly feuds, in which, it is said, over a hundred men had been killed. There had been a reign of terror following the war; the differences were largely political, between opposing parties during the Civil War. The State of Kentucky sent distinguished judges, under escort of a heavy guard, to stop the feud.

The Synod of Kentucky pushed its work of preaching the Gospel of peace, organizing and building churches, and placing educated and consecrated ministers in the county to teach the people. They found the people ready and willing, and even anxious to hear. Six churches were organized in different sections of the county, large congregations gathered and houses of worship built.

A different order of things started. The Synod established an institute of learning at Jackson, which has grown to be one of the largest and best in the State, numbering hundreds of students, who are instructed in every branch of learning, both literary and mechanical.

A handsome, new brick church succeeded the frame one, which was burned. The Methodist brethren built a nice frame church, and the Baptists, a brick, and the Christian church also.

The town has grown in the twenty years, from a village of some two hundred, to a well built town of nearly two thousand, with fine brick business houses, court-house, hotels and residences.

Twenty years ago I rode there horseback, over some seventy-five miles of bad mountain roads. Now three railroads enter the town; one from Lexington, and two from neighboring counties. For years, after the advent of the church, the county was among the most orderly, peaceful and prosperous in the State. It is a local option county.

One may ask why this present reign of terror, with some fifteen men killed since last December? The reply is not so easy to give. First of all, I believe it is largely due to the illicit selling of whiskey, or the sale of it under government license. Most of the murders may be traced to this prolific source of crime. Probably bad feeling over political differences is responsible for part of the trouble.

The mountain people are largely related to each other by blood or marriage. Few of them ever emigrate. They are clannish, like most Highlanders; when you strike one, you strike the whole family and connection, and all resent it.

The law is slow and lax in its administration, and so the people take it into their own hands.

There is some excuse for this; but the crying cause back of all this violence and bloodshed is the want of religion. The want of the Gospel of peace and forgiveness and love.

People must be educated to value human life; to obey God's laws; to live peaceable and sober lives.

This is what some of God's people are trying to do. It is a big undertaking, and cannot be accomplished at once. A people's character cannot be changed like their clothes. This is the humble endeavor of the Society of Soul Winners, the America Inland Mission. This year it had twenty-one faithful missionaries at work in this county alone. They are godly ministers, and consecrated women teaching the children a Gospel of peace and good will. It is something to their credit that not a single murder has been committed at one of these missions, or in their neighborhood. At this time protracted meetings are being held at several of these missions, and some fifty persons have publicly confessed Christ within a fortnight.

The Breathitt people are not heathen, nor barbarous. There is not, in all my knowledge, a kinder, braver, gentler people naturally. They are the soul of hospitality. They have their faults, like others, and are too prone to fight and drink. The remedy for this is the Gospel, the only sufficient remedy for all sin and all men.

The manifest duty of all Christians is to remedy this state of things, by sending the Gospel to these neighbors.

It is the only transforming power on earth. I do not undervalue other agencies, as schools, colleges, settlements, or secular societies. They are all good in their places, but are powerless when men are to be transformed, and society regenerated.

The object of this society is the salvation of the mountain people, not only from murder, but from all other sins which prevail among them. It is a disgrace to them, and to us also, if we do not help them.

There is money enough in the banks of the State to revolutionize the Cumberlands, and make them an orderly, peaceable and God-fearing people. As it is, there are tens of thousands of them who never saw a church, or heard a Gospel sermon they could understand.

It is a blot and shame on the good name of our beloved country. Let us remove it.

This society has over one hundred missionaries at work in the mountains, and most all their support comes from God's wise and liberal children all over the world. These faithful, self-denying men and women are not in town or churches, but in the "regions beyond," where thousands are perishing in their sins.

The question is not, can they be saved without the Gospel, but can we be saved if we do not give it to them. Jesus answers this question in Mathew xxv, 34-46.

On which hand are you?

HIGHLAND COLLEGE.

This is the new college on the Puncheon Camp Creek Breathitt County, Kentucky, which was dedicated to the noble object of Christian education the fifteenth of July. A great crowd of the Highlanders, from several counties, assembled, many, doubtless, to see and hear the Governor of Kentucky. The multitude was too large for the auditorium of the college, which will seat three hundred or more, so that the exercises were held in the large and beautiful campus. Here a thousand people heard noble addresses from Mr. Kash, the Commonwealth's Attorney;

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The Governor's Audience at Puncheon Camp

Mr. Terry, Professor Leonard, Rev. Mr. Derthick, Drs. McCorkle, Southgate and Tyler, and the Governor of Kentucky. From 9 A. M. until 3 P. M. the people listened with great pleasure and profit, many standing up during the whole day. It was truly a jubilee, the first in the Highlands. The college exercises opened on the following Monday, with Professor Manning, and wife, Miss Mary Pauline Abbott, Misses Ivy and Matilda Smith, as teachers, all trained and experienced workers, from as many States.

Though the college is situated in the midst of the Highlands, nearly ten miles from any town or village, surrounded by mountains, where there was neither church or school, in two weeks it had enrolled ninety-one pupils, and more coming every day. Some of the children walk four miles, and are there by 7 A. M. We have no place for them to board, or the attendance would be doubled. Who will help us build a dormitory for these poor children, who are so hungry to learn? There is no such opportunity for an investment in any gold mine or bank stock. God pays one hundred per cent. and more, and pays it forever.

A RED LETTER DAY FOR "BLOODY BREATHITT."

REV. DR. EMMETT W. M'CORKLE.

A brighter day never dawned on the steep slopes of the higher Highlands than that fixed for the formal

opening of the Puncheon Camp School, conceived and completed by Dr. Edward O. Guerrant, with the assistance of God's good people everywhere. This school is three miles from Oakdale, on the mountain railroad, in one of the most picturesque portions of Breathitt County. A stream of silver wound its way along the narrow valley. The upper slopes were green and beautiful, with their forest hues. In the emerald mead of six acres below, stood the school buildings, all pure and white, significant of the character which it hopes to make whiter than snow through the teaching of the blood of Jesus Christ. If you can imagine rows of horses and mules, hitched along the road, and hundreds of people gathered near the stand under the trees, you have a faint picture of the scene that met the eye of the stranger on that day.

This was a glad day for all, because it witnessed the crowning of the indefatigable labors of those faithful workers with God's favor and blessing. One year ago, the leaves were on the trees on the mountain-tops, that now constitute this building. In that short time it has been completed at a cost of more than four thousand dollars, and without a cent of debt. It is a populous and needy section, where there are no churches nor schools.

It is not strange, therefore, that such an occasion should have been thought worthy of a visit and an address from the Chief Executive of the State, Governor Willson. Or that a great number of friends, as well as strangers from surrounding counties, and even from other and different States, should have been present. We saw an elder of the Presbyterian Church, from

Salt Lake City; also Rev. Mr. MacConagha, the principal of the new school, now being erected by the United Presbyterian Church, at Stanton, in Powell County, Kentucky.

Addresses were made by Governor Willson, Rev. E. L. Southgate, of the M. E. Church; Professor Leonard, of the Lee's Institute of Jackson, Kentucky; Rev. J. W. Tyler, Rev. E. W. McCorkle, Dr. Guerrant and others. These touched the sore need of education for the people, with the benefits to be derived therefrom by the coming generation, as well as the necessity for loyal and enthusiastic support by the people.

The college building, which stands on an eminence at the rear of the beautiful grounds, and flanked by the two buildings for the teachers, has two stories, with four large rooms below, and another larger room above stairs. The rooms are equipped with modern desks and furniture. The room above, for chapel and general assembly purposes, is provided with an organ, maps, charts, as well as the nucleus of a small library.

The whole plant is in charge of Professor Manning, with a corps of three assistants, to which will soon be added a kindergarten teacher.

The need of such an institution may be realized, when it is remembered that in the immediate locality there are more than two hundred children of school age. There are two families nearby with twelve children in each. Such an institution as this is a necessity, otherwise the people will be almost without teaching, and especially that of a Christian character. Their handicaps in this way are being removed, and they are allowed to have a fair chance with their more fortunate contemporaries

in the vital work of house-building, home-making, and life-making. The Herald family, which gave the land and lumber, have been in that community since the "thirties." One old man resides on the same spot on which he settled sixty-six years since.

This county has a record which will go into history. For deeds of blood, it has no equal, perhaps, in any land; but a new day seems to have dawned. The people have new hopes, and are enthused with the prospect for themselves, but especially for their children, and are eager for schools, by which their children may be helped to higher life than that to which their fathers have been doomed for all these years.

The order throughout the entire day was perfect. Sixteen of Dr. Guerrant's faithful workers were there from other points in the vicinity. Many of these are noble, educated, Christian women, from many States, who are doing a good work on a meagre maintenance. They were all present to rejoice with him in the completion of this building, which they hope will mark an epoch in the life of their work and the Lord's. While the work of Dr. Guerrant is undenominational and interdenominational, he himself is one of the most faithful and industrious workers the Presbyterian Church has produced in half a century. For thirty years he has given his valuable efforts to the upbuilding of this entire section, and no man grudges him the happiness that has come with his toil, or the reward that will greet him when it is ended. These people, and their children, are grateful to him, and their blessing will ever fall upon his head.

TO THE CHILDREN IN THE CITY.

"I am glad to know you are interested in the little Mountaineers, and I thought maybe a line about these little Highland lads and lassies might be of some service. Many people care nothing for them, because they know nothing of them. For more than forty years I have travelled among them, and know thousands of them. They are white children. You hardly ever see a negro in the Cumberland Mountains. They are unusually bright children. Mrs. Mary Hoge Wardlaw, and, indeed, all our mission teachers, say they are the brightest children that they ever saw. I have known many of them to memorize three or four Catechisms in one summer, and pages of the Bible; though they could not read a word. The questions and answers were simply repeated to them. Many of them never saw a church, or school, or Bible. The schools they have are generally very poor, and many who go to them never learn to read. Most of them are what are called "blab schools" where all the children study out loud. They are generally very poor. Many go barefooted all winter, and most of them never have a good suit of clothes. We send hundreds of garments to them every year. I have known some half grown boys to have no garment but a long shirt. Some girls go barefooted until they are grown. Their houses are generally very poor and cold, and only have one or two rooms. But, in spite of it all, they love their homes and the mountains, and cannot be persuaded to leave them. They are anxious to learn, and walk miles across mountains and rivers.

I have seen children in the same class with their mothers and grandmothers, trying to learn to read and sing, and memorize the Catechism. They seldom get any money; and then by climbing over the mountains, digging ginseng, or gathering the galax leaves to sell. They all have to work in the fields, even to the little girls, and their mothers. Some have no horse to plow, and they cultivate the mountain-sides with a hoe. Thousands of them never saw a doll, or heard of a Christmas tree, until our missionaries went among them and taught them. Some of their native preachers cannot read, and the poor people have no way to learn, unless we send them help. We have been trying to do this, by sending them good men and women to teach them and help them in every way. But there are yet thousands beyond our missions, and we have not the money to send them help. Though they are poor and ignorant, God loves them, and Jesus tells us to go and tell them the "good tidings," and save them. He says that if we love and help them, it is the same as if we love and help Him, and He will reward us with a kingdom in that great day coming (Matt. xxv., 31-40). Hoping that God will honor you by giving you a part in this blessed service, and a kingdom in heaven for it."

THE HIGHLAND ORPHANS' HOME.

REV. DR. D. CLAY LILLY.

The work of the Soul Winners Society has reached that stage of development, when the need of a home for

Highland Orphans' Home

the orphan children of the Highlands was so evident, that some provision of this kind could no longer be delayed.

The prayer for means to do this was answered, and God sent them, by the hand of a generous woman of South Carolina, $6,000 for the purchase of a suitable property for this work.

The society, through the president, Dr. E. O. Guerrant, of Wilmore, Kentucky, began the search for a location, and was guided to a particularly well adapted property on a splendid site at Clay City, Kentucky. Clay City is a good location for the work, being easily accessible by rail, and itself, charmingly set in the Red River Valley, with the cliff-crested mountains round about. The site of the home is a tract of thirty acres of beautiful plateau, well watered, as the Red River holds it in on three sides. It is close to the city school and churches, and a short walk to the business district. It is, perhaps, the best located spot in Clay City.

The main house is an unusually well built, three-story brick house, such as a man of means would build for his own home (for it was built this way). This large house, capable of accommodating thirty children, together with its outbuildings and thirty acres of land, was bought at a very great bargain.

A neat dining-room, large enough for the use of a family of fifty, has been erected near Irving Hall, the main building.

It was this property, which a party of about twenty-five from Lexington, Winchester, Mt. Sterling, Wilmore and Troy, went up to Clay City Thursday, the 27th of August, to dedicate and formally open, for its work of

ministry to the needy little ones of the southern mountains.

It was a day worthy of the occasion; bright, sweet, equable. The people of Clay City gave us a hearty welcome, transferring us to the home in their vehicles and setting for us there a table, heavy laden with good things. May this cordial expression of their good will be answered by the benevolent care which those elsewhere will bestow on the little ones gathered in the home.

The dedicatory services were appropriate and impressive, consisting of devotional exercises and remarks by Drs. Guerrant, Irvine, and Lilly, together with a statement by the excellent matron, Miss Nettie Patterson, as to their immediate and prospective needs.

It was easy to see the purpose of the home. It is to minister to that helpless and distressing form of need, an orphan child. An orphan child arouses our sympathy anywhere, but an orphan child in a community, where church and school privileges are inadequate, is an object calling for immediate help. Orphanage in such places is sometimes close to child slavery, for it happens often, that the little one labors, at hard work and long hours, without remuneration of any kind, either in money, education or affection. The home ministers to such. It will not receive any child but from the mountains, and will not seek in the mountains those who are already properly provided for. Its work is to relieve a condition which needs to be met, and to give to helpless childhood a home, protection from what would destroy it and nourishment for its true life. This is a purpose big

enough to sustain any enterprise, and worthy enough to demand of us a place in our gifts and our prayers.

In looking over the property, it was easy to see that there were some present and pressing needs. Perhaps their most pressing one is that the house should be furnished. The children are ready for the home, but the home is not quite ready for them. It needs, at once, all that would go to the furnishing of a home to make it comfortable. What a good investment of a few dollars it would be to furnish one of these several rooms and make it ready for the needy little girls who are ready to occupy it. Only little girls are to be received at present.

The plan of the home contemplates the erection of a building to be used as a domitory for boys, which is greatly needed, but until this is provided, only girls will be received.

Another pressing need, both of the immediate present and of the days to come, namely, food and raiment. These dear children are not to go hungry. Let every one, with the Lord's money in keeping, remember that blue grass fields, with their fat cattle, myriad acres of hemp and tobacco and wheat; of cotton and corn and cane, vast reaches of timbered hills, filled with a wealth of coal and iron, sleep, basking in the southern sun; these are enough that no helpless child need lie hungry through the night's slow moving. And brave and devoted men and women, who love the Lord, are the guarantee that they will not be naked and unclothed, or ahungered and unfed.

If one good woman, in the "City by the Sea," has given the home, cannot many good men and women

throughout this land take up the work and carry it on, thus rendering effective her gift, as well as their own?

One part of the church's commission is, to "feed the lambs" of the Good Shepherd. The spirit of this command, is much akin to the spirit of His life of unselfish service. We cannot be really like Him, unless we obey His command, that is so much like Him.

FEED MY LAMBS.

No one who ever travelled through the Allegheny or Cumberland Mountains failed to notice the swarms of bright children which met him everywhere. Probably few ever heard of a home for the scores of these helpless children left orphans amid such sorrowful surroundings. Every city is provided with such institutions; but here is a vast region of country, an empire of mountains, with four million of white people, and thousands of the poorest orphans, with practically no place to save them. The result is they are lost to their country and to God. To save the multitudes of these bright Highland children is the first duty of both citizens and Christians. Phillips Brooks well said: "He who helps a *child,* helps humanity with a distinctness and immediateness which no other help given to human creatures, in any other stage of life, can possibly give again." For years the cry of these orphans has been ringing in our ears. For years we have prayed and hoped for help to save them. Through these years we have received some help from the hands of charitable people, but never enough to provide a home; until, at last God inspired

Children of the Highland Orphan's Home

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TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

a noble woman to give us six thousand dollars to found the Highland Orphans Home. We lost no time in securing the best property for the purpose in the Cumberland Mountains. It lies in the suburbs of Clay City, on the Lexington and Eastern Railroad, a large, substantial brick residence, with thirty acres of beautiful land. The building is ample for the accommodation of thirty children. It will be devoted to the care of the orphan girls. We need now a similar home for the boys, and a chapel and dining-hall, with suitable furniture for them all. Of course, this home will accommodate only a tithe of the poor waifs in the great mountains. Dr. Campbell says, "We need *ten* such institutions." But one is better than none. It is a start, and God will provide the rest. Our mission teachers report hundreds of these helpless children all through the vast wilderness of mountains from Virginia to Georgia.

Already they are begging for our help. Shall they beg in vain? Your answer will determine your destiny at the judgment day (See Matt. xxv, 31-46). We want your help now to build a dormitory and dining-hall this summer. Every cent shall go to this object. Did God ever give a better opportunity to glorify Him and enrich yourself? Send your offering to the president of the Soul Winners' Society, Rev. Dr. E. O. Guerrant, Wilmore, Kentucky, or to the treasurer, Major Robert S. Bullock, cashier of Fayette National Bank, Lexington, Kentucky.

"He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord, and that which he hath given, will He pay him again."—Prov. xix, 17.

"He built a house; time laid it in the dust;
He wrote a book; its title was forgot;

He ruled a city; but his name is not
On any tablet graven, or where rust
Can gather from disuse, or marble bust.
He took a child from out a wretched cot,
Who on the State dishonor might have brought,
And reared him to the Christian's hope and trust.

The boy, to manhood grown, became a light
To many souls, and preached for human need,
The wondrous love of the Omnipotent.
The work has multiplied like stars at night
When darkness deepens. Every noble deed
Lasts longer than a granite monument."

THE ORPHAN CHILD.

"My feet they are sore, and my limbs they are weary;
Long is the way, and the mountains so wild;
Soon will the twilight close moonless and dreary
Over the path of the poor Mountain child.

"Why did they send me so far and so lonely,
Up where the moors spread and gray rocks are piled?
Men are hard-hearted, and kind angels, only,
Watch over the steps of the poor Orphan child.

"Yet distant and soft, the night breeze is blowing,
Clouds there are none, and clear stars beam mild;
God in His mercy, protection is showing
Comfort and hope to the poor Orphan child.

"Even should I fall o'er the broken-bridge passing,
Or stray in the marshes, by false lights beguiled,
Still will my Father, with promise and blessing,
Take to His bosom the poor Orphan child.

"There is a thought, that for strength should avail me,
Though both of shelter and kindred despoiled;
Heaven is a Home, and rest will not fail me,
God is a friend to the poor Orphan child."

FUNERALS IN THE HIGHLANDS.

Probably in nothing are the Highlanders so peculiar as in their burial of the dead. I never saw a graveyard in a valley. They bury on the hills and sometimes on the top of mountains.

They do not often have the funeral at the time of death, but sometimes years afterwards, and generally in the fall of the year. I remember once preaching the funeral of a man who had been dead fourteen years. This summer, the funeral of four soldiers, who died during the war, forty-five years ago, was preached on the Quicksand.

One old Highlander incorporated it in his will, that such a service in his memory should be held every year, and it has been faithfully done for many years.

The services often begin on Friday and close on Sunday evening. All friends and relatives are invited to attend, and the preaching is done by half a dozen native preachers.

Such an occasion takes precedence over every other service. Paul himself could hardly get a congregation in the neighborhood of a Highland funeral. I once knew General Howard to have only half a dozen hearers on such a day. So he mounted his horse and went to a funeral on a mountain-side, where there were hundreds of people.

During the funeral season, which comes in the fall of the year, when the roads and weather are favorable for out-door services, it is almost impossible to have other meetings.

I recently preached a good woman's funeral, two years after her death, at the grave, on a mountain-top, when her husband conducted the singing and other parts of the service, and his second wife was present.

Some years ago, I preached a man's funeral during a protracted meeting, and his widow and second husband and children sat on the front bench. These things did not seem to excite any comment, for they were not much out of the ancient order.

THE BURIAL ON PUNCHEON CAMP.

Twenty-one years ago I passed up this little mountain stream in the wild Cumberlands. It was a week-day morning, but the Highlanders, warned of my coming, filled a vacant house to hear the Gospel, where there was no church. Among a score who occupied it were two beautiful little girls, sisters, clad in Highland plaid.

The years rolled by, and they grew to beautiful womanhood, married, and made homes of their own. But death, which "loves a shining mark," struck down one of them, and on Saturday morning, a great concourse of her kindred and friends, laid her to rest on a mountain brow, with a beautiful babe on her breast, among hundreds of her people.

By a strange Providence, I was present, after twenty-one eventful years.

A multitude of mourners sat on the ground beneath a great chestnut tree on that mountain plateau (there is no church in that country), and heard the Gospel of love preached by Dr. Bryan, of Birmingham, Professor Manning and myself. "Proctor Bill" and Louis Hensley, who taught the Sabbath school twenty-one years before, were there, and led the singing in the plaintive melody of the Highlanders, which is heard nowhere else.

The grief of these simple-hearted people broke forth in most pitiful cries, which moved the oldest and hardest of men. Indeed, I never witnessed such an exhibition of sorrow, as they clung to the coffin and kissed the cold silent lips, still beautiful in death.

On that wild mountain-top, with God and the dead generations of their ancestors, one felt nearer to heaven than in the world below.

These poor people lack most of the blessings of civilization, but they have more of God and nature, which compensates for what they lose in culture and comfort.

No people appreciate the Gospel more, for none need it so much. It is light in their darkness, strength in their weakness, joy in their sorrow. To them it is really the "Good News of God."

TWO HIGHLAND FUNERALS.—IN THE GREAT SMOKIES.

MRS. MARY O'REAR EVERETT.

"Could you-uns come to the funeral? They're thar now." I was startled by seeing a neighbor in the door

making this request. I had heard of the untimely death of an infant, but this was the first hint that our presence was desired. Miss Smith was not able to go, so hastily changing my dress, and with a few directions from her, I hurried away to conduct my first funeral. I had an Episcopal prayer-book in my hand, and searched for the order for the burial of the dead, as I hastened along, my heart quaking over this new undertakng. How earnestly I prayed for help; I do so desire to teach these people, as shy and hard to win as the wild birds of the forest, almost; and while their hearts are tender in the presence of death, seems a good time to win them.

It was more than a mile from the home to the graveyard on the hillside. There they were patiently waiting as I drew near. The school-house was a few yards away, and the school teacher and children were clustered around. The early morning sunshine filtered through the leaves. The kind neighbors had borne the little casket on their shoulders from the home, three miles away, to lay it among its kindred. We sang "Jesus Lover of My Soul." The father sobbed as if he needed such a refuge. The next week he must appear at court. Then as the service proceeded, the Lord strengthened and helped, and once more I proved that when He requires anything of us, any work, He gives us strength to do it. Just at the last, the casket was opened. It was made of pine just to fit the baby, and covered with white muslin, fringed around the edge of the lid with scissors. Over the baby's face was a square of white cambric, cut in a fanciful way with the scissors. When this was removed we saw a beautiful child, very handsome, large and fine, but he had closed his eyes in death as soon as he had opened them on

this earth. And so we laid him away to rest, the sunshine, the birds and the children, making a sweet picture.

I urged the father to try and live so as to meet his baby, and he seemed impressed. He seems to be a good husband and father, and brings his children all the way to Sunday school when possible.

The next funeral was that of the old man in the "settlement." It was a wild, stormy morning, the first very bad winter day, sometimes raining and then snowing, the cheerless moaning autumn wind wrenching the last leaves off the trees and whirling them away.

The yard was full of men as we came near. The women were in the house, the doors wide open, and a chilling wind was sweeping through. All who could, were gathered around the fire-place, the mothers with their little children and babies. It was a dreary looking place with uneven puncheon floor. The walls were dark and smoky, the low, grimy ceiling had rags hanging from the pieces that go across, that brush our heads. There were heaps of rags in the corner of the room, and piles of corn and barrels.

On the floor, in the center of the room, was the coffin made by friendly hands out of pine boards, covered with black calico and lined with white. The old man lay there in his last, long sleep, with a composure and dignity that only death can give. His long white beard swept his chest, and almost hid the ornaments that they had pinned on his coat—stick-pin, flag and badge, "God is our Trust and Confidence." His overcoat and hat were laid over him, and his wife's apron was tucked in at his feet.

We had helped by giving some clothing that came from Washington, to lay him out in. The mourners were

gathered near, but you could not guess who they were by their apparel. The nearest mourner was a niece that he had raised, a woman thirty-eight years old, the mother of ten children.

This time we had a good quartette of singers who sang songs. With more confidence, I went on with the service, telling of the last good talk I had with "Uncle Tom," when he expressed himself to be so happy to be so near his heavenly home, and urged the parents to get ready, and train their children for that heavenly home. What a scene, the men, outside in the rain, and the children grouped around the coffin, some of them sobbing pitifully all the time.

Then the niece threw herself down by the coffin and wailed and talked to the dead. A neighbor began to sing a long dirge, which appeared to be an exhortation from the dead to the living, comforting the mourning, exhorting the Christian and warning the sinner. He chanted on and on, till I wondered when he would cease. But finally he did, and then they brought a hammer and nailed the lid on the coffin, and we climbed the mountain back of the house to lay him beside his faithful wife, who died eight months before.

The wind had increased to a hurricane almost, and the rain had changed to sleet and snow. We had to make many stops to get our breath. Many of the children were bare-headed, and some bare-footed. The babies suffered most, though we tried to shield them. The storm was a howling tempest by the time we reached the grave, and I doubt if any one heard a word of prayer, or "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust," etc. We were forced to leave and seek shelter. If it was not for the mission homes through

the mountains, many, perhaps most of the dead, would be buried without a prayer or comforting passage from God's Word. Perhaps, you think the home I described is very dismal; but it is not nearly as bad as many that have no ceiling, and cracks all around that you can stick your arm through, if not your head. The door stands open the very coldest days. I have discovered this through visiting this winter.

Now what can you and I do to help do away with this distress and sin?

A TOUR THROUGH THE CUMBERLANDS.

On a hot August day, I started to the Cumberlands through Menefee County. By a misunderstanding no conveyance met me at the terminus of the little narrow-gauge railroad. So, like Paul, "I took up my carriage" (knapsack and overcoat), and walked over the mountain five miles, to Frenchburg. It was warm, but I reached the village just in time to preach to a house crowded with a most attentive congregation, including nearly every school teacher in the county, for the Teachers' Institute was in session in the town.

Things were mightily changed since I organized this little church in the old court-house a little over two years ago. Then, we had just light enough to see how to talk; now a nice chandelier enabled us to read without "specs."

Then, the only organ was a crying baby; now a handsome organ, skilfully played by a young lady, led a full chorus of singers.

Then, dear old Grandmother Ward constituted the Presbyterian Church of Menefee County, elders, deacons, members and all; now a church of some seventy-five members, with some faithful officers, assist the old lady in holding up the Cross above the mountains. This is the "Alexander Memorial Church," named in honor of its generous elder patron.

The next morning Brother Mickel and I talked to the Teachers' Institute by invitation, and as we had both been pedagogues, we felt at home with the "rule and the ferule." The Institute was composed of a fine body of young ladies and gentlemen, and was presided over by a prince of teachers, Professor Hayes. At 12 M. Brother Mickel and I started on to Hazel Green, in Wolfe County, to meet an appointment that night.

The little mountain "hack" was too full to take us up the mountain from Frenchburg, and so we walked two and a half miles to the top, and there got seats for the remaining twenty miles. The roads were very rough and the day hot, but we reflected that both were more pleasant than many that our fathers knew. The day was not a "fiery furnace," nor the road the "Via Dolorosa."

Everywhere we noticed the marks of improvement, the advance of a better civilization among the mountains. Churches were going up along the road, new fields opened and new houses built, of a better construction than the old log-cabins. Then we knew that the best educator of a people is the Christian religion.

We reached Hazel Green, the gem of the mountain towns, about dark. This beautiful village lies in a great basin on the Upper Red River, with a rim of green mountains around it, like a picture frame. The good people

were anxiously awaiting our coming, and the Nicholasville bell summoned a full house to hear Brother Mickel, their former pastor, preach a good sermon. Everybody here loves him for his own sake and his faithful work among them.

A few years ago there was only an unfinished church in this pretty town; now it has three handsome and comfortable churches. Then, there were only about three Presbyterians in the county; now, some fifty, with a good organization and some most devoted members. This little vine owes very much to the faithful efforts and earnest prayers of Colonel Robert Samuel and his devoted wife. On her invitation, I first visited this field, and organized this church in the school-house. God will reward them.

On Saturday I preached morning and evening, and five women united with our church after the evening service. Brother Mickel remained to preach over the Sabbath, and I went on to Bethsalem, in Morgan County, where I preached on the Sabbath to a congregation too large for the church; so we held the services in God's first temple beneath the spreading branches of a beautiful grove. Two years ago, we had no church here, and no members. Now we have a large comfortable church and about fifty members. The old log house, without doors, windows, seats, or ceiling, in which we organized the church, is now replaced by a handsome frame building, capable of seating some three hundred people, built, owned and occupied harmoniously by the Baptists, Reformers and Presbyterians. "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

Brother Mickel came out on Monday, and the people

petitioned for three services a day. So we preached at 10 A. M., 3 P. M. and 7 P. M., and scores of them walked (riding is a luxury to many up here) to every service and carried their babies.

How I pity those poor brethren who never enjoy such a privilege of feeding the hungry.

It is no trouble to feed those who are not afflicted with a kind of spiritual dyspepsia. Their digestion is unimpaired, and they rejoice in the strong meat of the Christian doctrine. These mountain people make religion a matter of business, instead of a recreation, as so many do.

On Wednesday we had to leave in order to meet our appointment in Breathitt County. Besides, Brother Mickel, the former faithful pastor of these churches, we had with us his faithful cöworker, Rev. James M. Little, born and reared among these mountains, and whose services have been invaluable to our cause. He says he was a Presbyterian long before he ever saw one, or heard a sermon by a Presbyterian preacher. Learned to be one by reading the Bible. I need not say he is a good one.

We crossed the mountain dividing the waters of the Red River from the Upper Kentucky, and rode down the frozen stream to the North Fork of Kentucky River, where Mr. Mickel preached at night in the little schoolhouse on White Oak, to a little company, by three little lamps without chimneys. Few men could preach such a sermon by electric light.

The night was dark, the roads rough, the mountains high, so we appointed both services for daylight, 10 A. M. and 4 P. M. Word having gone out of our arrival, the house was filled with an eager, anxious congregation,

hungry for the bread of life, many of whom walked miles to church. A year or two ago there were only one or two Presbyterians in this county; now we have a church of some seventy members, with fine officers, and a good sum made up to build a house of worship.

GLEN ATHOL.

The following letter from that admirable Christian lady, Mrs. Mary Hoge Wardlaw, will give a better idea of the work of the America Inland Mission than volumes of speculation by strangers to the work.

For some twenty years Mrs. Wardlaw was a missionary in South America, and by gifts and graces, is exceptionally well qualified to give the results of experience.

She is one of thirty-five such noble lady teachers sent and supported by the society in the darkest regions of the Cumberland and Allegheny Mountains. God and eternity alone can compass the beneficial results of such work. *Have you any part* in it?

"It was my pleasure to spend a summer in the mission work of the Society of Soul Winners, under Dr. Guerrant. In this work, we lived very close to nature, the nature that reveals itself in mountain, glen and forest, and the nature that characterizes their unsophisticated inhabitants.

Several mountains converging, formed a sheltered nook, the site of our summer home. It seemed to us as if a motherly old mountain had taken the cottage in its lap, and encircled it with its arms. All about us were

trees, three century-old giant oaks, with waving shadows, superb beeches, noble walnut and hickory. Back of us a narrow ravine, deepened to a spring, set around with ferns. Climbing up we reached a cove, and the Indian grave, which crowned the mountain.

In the afternoons, as we sat in the broad, shady porch, that was school-room, and living-room, rarely a sound was heard, save the breeze stirring the branches, or the notes of the wood robin, the cardinal or the mocking bird. Occasionally a cow, lowing in the distance, would bespeak an owner, or from the steep mountain opposite, a plowman's voice would ring out, as he urged on his horse at each precipitous turning; but for these chance reminders of humanity, we would almost believe that we were dwelling in a little world of our own, and could truly say:

> "Ah, this peace! I have no need
> Of friend to talk, or book to read."

And this spot, on the border of Breathitt, twelve miles from Jackson, was the scene of our summer's work.

On that roomy porch, every morning, except Saturday, the children gathered for lessons. School "took up" at eight, but by seven or a little after, the pink and blue sunbonnets, and peaked hats began to stream up the two paths that led to Glen Athol. Then the wearers of caps and felt hats (few of the boys possessed straw ones), scrambled and scampered, shouting and hallooing, down the mountain's side. Many of them had been at work since daylight, and would work for six hours more, and that brief playtime was highly prized. But at 8 o'clock they took their seats on the home-made benches,

the girls at one end of the porch and the boys at the other, ready to enter, with shining, eager faces into the opening exercises.

They sang, each day, more hymns than many a Sunday school, recited more Catechism and Bible verses, and all with a joy, an enthusiasm, refreshing to the heart of the teacher. Then, when the Bible story was told, accompanied by the illustrated chart on the wall, they drank in every word, often leaning forward in their seats, not to lose a syllable, and asking questions which proved at once their interest and intelligence. After the religious instruction, which consumed fully one-half of the time, came countless reading lessons, with spelling, arithmetic and geography, and before separating, another hymn and a Bible verse to go home on.

A brighter, more receptive set of children I never taught. The little mountaineers love school. Their minds seem to thirst for knowledge, and warmly do their hearts go out to those who impart it. They seem never to have heard that school is sometimes considered a penance. Certainly no such view is held by those who attend the schools established by Dr. Guerrant. They appreciate the love that prompts the sending and the going. They were attentive, respectful, and obedient; more docile, more serious-minded than any other children I ever knew, yet merry and playful at the right time. The little girls were, many of them, pretty, and there were fine faces among the boys. They repaid study, both as individuals and as scholars. Along with the traits already mentioned, they possess a sturdy independence, a self-reliance, a faithfulness to duty that reminds one of their Scotch ancestry. Many of the children, big as well as

little, girls as well as boys, have to work in the corn-fields; one might say, upon the corn mountains. At one time, my school was slim until the corn was "laid by," that is, until it had received its second hoeing. Even young girls work all day long, under the hot June sun, preserving nevertheless, the delicate pink and white of their complexions, which goes so well with the deep mountain blue of their eyes. Some of the girls were decidedly pretty, attractive and gentle-mannered. We were in the land of "Melissy," "Zerildy," and "Meriky" (America), the land where girls frequently marry at sixteen, and are thereafter pronounced "old women." Often tragic experiences await them. As the mission-schools increase, a larger number of sweet and interesting girls there will come under the beneficial influence, their minds will be stimulated, their horizon broadened, and marriage will not be rushed into so thoughtlessly.

I said the children came every day but Saturday; yet rarely a Saturday came without a gathering of the little folks upon one project or another. It might be milk, or berries to sell; a present of beans, an offer to catch, for our Sunday dinner, a couple of our chickens, which roamed the mountain-side, or to cut wood for us. On Sunday, a delegation was generally in waiting to escort us to the "church-house," and again at 3 P. M. they assembled on the porch, for our home-Sunday school. They were content to sit silent, gazing and listening, while others gave free expressions to their quaint, often pathetic ideas and aspirations.

At the close of our summer's work, we felt that the gain had been ours. We had spent several months in a pure, invigorating climate, among a courteous, kindly,

generous people. We learned to love them, to enjoy our intercourse with these friendly, quick-witted mountaineers, who appreciate beyond its worth, our labors for their children.

The last day of school they begged to sing all the hymns they knew; they sang them, too, but the singing and the sobbing blended almost indistinguishably.

The workers from our home taught in four different missions schools, two of our number residing with mountain families. On Sunday there were five of us teaching six different Sabbath schools. The three of us who lived at Glen Athol, teaching twice on Sabbath, the absent ones at least once. We learned of the workings of other missions all through the mountains, and everywhere the work presented the same characteristics. Everywhere the true-hearted mountaineers became warmly attached to the missionaries. The Bible is read, education appreciated, their views become deepened, widened and spiritualized.

It is the solution of the mountain problem. When Dr. Guerrant comes and preaches straight into the hearts of the people, or when he brings other eminent preachers, they find intelligent, appreciative audiences.

Where the preachers have not gone, or can go but seldom, this Gospel teaching, day by day, is drawing hundreds into the fold.

May all Christian people combine, as never before, to strengthen the hands and encourage the hearts of all who are engaged in this noble and God-given mission of winning souls for Christ.

A UNIQUE CONTEST.

Three of the mission schools in the Cumberland Mountains had a big Catechism contest last month, which was a most interesting and successful exhibition.

During the spring and summer they had studied most diligently for the prizes offered for the best recitations of the Catechisms and Scriptures and singing and drilling. Six excellent lady teachers had taught the three schools with great earnestness and fidelity.

The contest was held at the Central School, at Crocketts-ville, on the Middle Fork of the Kentucky River. The day was lovely, and by 8 A. M. crowds of men, women and children began coming in wagons, on horseback and on foot. Some two hundred and fifty children came from the three schools, in uniforms made by their lady teachers. The pretty mountain valley was alive with red caps and plaid dresses, and vocal with shouts and songs of merry crowds, who never saw the like before. The contest was held in the Crockettsville Presbyterian Church, the only church those poor children ever saw. Professor Gordon, of Lexington, Mr. Johnson and Mr. Gleghorn, evangelists, were the judges.

From 10 A. M. until 4 P. M. the contest waged. It is safe to say such singing was never heard in the mountains before, nor such recitations of Scripture and Catechisms. The schools were examined in turn, and each strove to out-sing and out-repeat the other. The performance was more remarkable when it is known that these children never had a chance before, and many of them could not

Highland Lads Going to Sunday-School

read. It exhibited the brightness of the children, and the excellence of the teaching.

The church could not hold even the children, and hundreds of men and women stood outside and wondered, and admired the strange performance. The judges were compelled to shorten the examinations, which consumed the whole day. One school repeated four Catechisms. The drill of the schools were most remarkable and interesting. They went through difficult evolutions like veterans, many of them barefooted, on the rocks. They belong to a martial race, the old Scotch Highlanders. The day passed off rapidly and cheerfully, with not a single fight over the contest, a most remarbable occurrence in this country.

The awarding of prizes was no easy matter. Each school had done excellently in every contest, but the judges decided that the Canoe School, taught by Mrs. Kate Robards, Mrs. Stewart and Miss Mary Scrogin, deserved the prize for best recitations of Scripture and Catechism; the Crockettsville School, taught by Mrs. Emily and Miss Eliza Gordon, for the best singing, and the Gross Camp School, taught by Misses Erastes Balee and Louise Saunders, for the best drilling.

The prizes were a handsome banner of the Cross, forty-five pounds of candy, a large box of cakes and a half-barrel of crackers, and plenty of lemonade. It was a great day for the mountain people, and the children, and the church, and Christ. Seeds were sown which will bear fruit in heaven, through eternity.

This work is carried on by the Society of Soul Winners, under the immediate superintendence of Rev Dr. Miles Saunders, assisted by Mr. Elias L. Moore, who

preach at each of the three points regularly. The lady teachers were sent from Central Kentucky and supported by the society. Dr. Guerrant was present at the contest and greatly enjoyed it. The schools are still in progress. and many of the children have accepted Christ. May we ask your prayers and help in this great work?

A WORD FROM PROF. GORDON,

Of Lexington, Kentucky.

The writer was one of a party, which left the blue grass on one of the last days of sultry August and hied away to the fern-decked, vine-clad hills of Eastern Kentucky, to be a looker-on at a contest among the assembled clans of that dauntless region.

The day seemed to open propitiously for the trip, as the sun rose bright and the sky was clear; but this fair promise proved only a delusion and a snare. Before the afternoon had reached its turning, the heavens quickly darkened above us, and in a little while the bottom seemed to fall out of the reservoirs in the sky, and the waters came down as they do at Lodore, and nearly drowned us in our open wagon; but the journey came to an end with the day, and, thanks to as faithful and sturdy a pair of mules as ever dug toes into a mountain road, and to the coolness and skill of a driver, trained amid the slippery slants and dark declivities, the jolting ledges and perilous washouts of that region, the falling shadows found us at the mouth of our particular "creek," and the quickened pace of our faithful dumb servants told us that they and

we were not far from "home." What a country! What a people! What faithful plucky dumb brutes! It is worth the trip and the "ducking," many times over, to see and know them.

Before we reached our destination, we were challenged by the eager denizens to turn in for the night and seek the rest, for which the shades of evening and the unusual experiences of the day, had fully prepared us.

Next morning one would have known, without previous warning, that something was going to happen. Everybody and everything was astir early. Some of the people came twelve or fifteen miles to a friendly rivalry, in recitation of the pure Word of God, and of the Catechisms, and in the singing of the sweet songs of Zion, followed by calistenics, Delsarte and military drills.

Time would fail to tell how they gathered, on foot, on horseback, often riding three on one horse, and by the wagon-load, each valley contributing its quota to the gathering crowd, until many times more than could be packed into the beautiful little church, had assembled on the ground, and time would fail again, to half-way tell of the contest, how they sang, and how they recited Creed, and Prayer, and Beatitudes, and Pslams, and Catechism, with a zeal and intelligence, and gracious rivalry, until even the pleased and happy ear grew weary with the effort to take it all in, and the imagination faltered at the contemplation of the possible result under the blessing of God. "What will the harvest be?" Suffice it to say, that the writer never saw or heard the equal of that contest, a contest participated in by all ages of both sexes, from the piping alto of the little tots, scarce out of swaddling clothes, through the sweet soprano of the lads and

lassies, who sometimes, in our more favored lands, feel themselves above such occupation, on through the touching tenor and deeper bass, which betoken that the contest is not felt to be beneath the participation of the manliest portion of these primitive communities. The writer saw children not over five or six years old, eagerly joining in the recitations; he saw a mother dandling a two months' old babe aloft on her hands to keep it quiet, while she kept fully abreast of the foremost in the long recitations, and he saw, at least, one patriarch, who looked as if he might have been grandsire to most of the audience, vieing with the most vigorous in making assurance doubly sure that his school would not be left behind in the contest. Where else on earth could such a sight be seen?

And now the prizes have been awarded, and the sun, hanging far to the west, warns the distant riders that they must be on their way. After some touching parting words, and a benediction, followed by three cheers, again and again repeated, in honor of those who had been in any way connected with the pleasure and the success of the occasion, that large assemblage quietly melted away, as it had assembled, with not one slightest event to mar the almost holy pleasure of the day.

It was good to be there, and when the rolling years shall bring a return of the day, may the writer and many another, be permitted to share in its sacred joy.

PENTECOST AT PUNCHEON CAMP.

REV. JAMES A. BRYAN, *Birmingham, Ala.*

Early Monday morning, September the fourteenth, I left my work in Birmingham, Alabama, for a ten days' preaching tour in the Cumberland Mountians with Dr. Guerrant.

We spent a few hours at the Highland Orphans' Home, at Clay City, Kentucky. The writer never saw a more beautiful place for such a home, and from what he saw of the work of ten days in the mountains, there never was a country where one was more needed. A boys' dormitory is also needed. We pray that God will inspire some of His servants to supply this need.

From there we went through the Grand Cañon of the Red River to "Bloody Breathitt" County. Leaving the railroad at Oakdale, we rode four miles across dark mountains, reaching the Highland College in time for a prayer-meeting in a cottage of one of the lady teachers. In the silence of that evening, far from my home and church, in that quiet little mountain cottage, I felt a deeper sympathy for the real missionary than ever before. O, that the heart of the church could be touched by the spirit of God to pray more, and give more to send the light to our perishing countrymen! This is one of the three colleges which have been established by the Soul Winners' Society.

Early Wednesday morning, crowds of poorly clad boys and girls gathered from far and near, some walking four

miles to the school, eager to learn. The services were held daily at 8 A. M. and 3 P. M., and twice at night, in the chapel of the college. One could see from the first service that the main object of this school was to save lost souls and educate them. This chapel is the only place for public worship for miles. Many of the parents and friends of the pupils came to both services.

One woman told me that before the Soul Winners came to this place, there was no sermon preached in this neighborhood for eight years. Friday afternoon a number accepted Christ. Saturday was a blessed day. God heard our prayers and all rejoiced.

On Sabbath the meetings began at nine, and continued throughout the day. The strongest men and women cried for pardon, and received it. People wept for joy as friends confessed Christ. Great strong men would rise up, and moved by God's spirit, would say, "I believe God, for Christ's sake, has pardoned my sins."

Some of the leading men of the neighborhood, once profane swearers and intemperate, cried out for pardon, and enrolled their names among God's people.

The man who gave the land to build the college on was saved, and said, "I thank God that Dr. Guerrant and you brought light here for us." One dear little boy, attending this school and revival services, said: "Poppy Bill can drink whiskey if he will; I am going to trust Christ for salvation and join the church." Truly this was the gate of heaven.

All this is of God; to Him be all the praise. I visited the humble homes of these people and read and prayed with them. They are the most grateful people I ever met.

One woman, speaking to me, said: "A great change has come over "Buckeye"; he has not cursed since last Friday."

Many of these children have the very brightest minds. The faithful teachers of the school pray with them and are teaching them that to be a Christian is to trust God and be good men and women. This whole mountain neighborhood, once so desperate, is being transformed by God, through the work of the Soul Winners, from darkness to light. As you walk or ride the mountain paths, you hear then singing: "At the Cross, at the Cross, where I first saw the light," and "When the Roll is Called Up Yonder, I'll be There."

Writing in the yard of this humble mountaineer's home, I cannot tell you of the beautiful scenery. Some one has said, "It is the finest East of the Rocky Mountains."

But I am to tell you of the souls in this region, for whom Christ died, that need the message of pardon and peace through Christ. Will you pray for them, and help these faithful missionaries?

A GIRL'S TRIP TO THE FAR CUMBERLANDS.

Dear Anne:

"I know you want to hear about my last trip to the mountains; so I will drop you a line while I rest. Papa wanted me to go along to help sing.

"At Lexington, we were fortunate to meet Rev. Mr. Paxson and wife from Texas, who were going to help in our missions at Glencairn and Torrent. Mrs. Paxson

was delighted to get back to old Kentucky, even to the mountains. Probably she will be glad to get back to Texas after Glencairn.

"At Athol we stopped to see Mr. and Mrs. Auld, who were living in the cottage, and working in the mission there. They seemed to be happy, though it must have been a big change from Florida, where the land is flat, to the Cumberlands, where it is perpendicular. Mr. Auld has had new shutters put on the church, and glass in the windows, and preaches every Sunday.

"That night we went on to Elkatawa in an awful flood. The creeks got so high I couldn't go up to Miss Withers', the missionary from Virginia, who lives half a mile from Elkatawa, so a lady let me stay with her. Papa and Mr. McBride slept on the floor of a little house down by the creek. Papa said it was a better bed than he had in the army in Virginia, but he is older now, and I was sorry he didn't have a bed. Mr. McBride, our missionary here, is working away on Kessler Chapel, our new church. It is in a beautiful situation, overlooking the little village and valley, and surrounded by mountains. It is the first and only church here. The Mormons have been around here and some people joined them. I think it is a shame.

Early the next morning we got two mountain ponies and started to Buckhorn, twenty-six miles across the mountains. Mine was the best pacer, but so lazy he wore me out, and I tried to wear him out. We passed Mrs. Andrews' mission at the White Pine. She and Mrs. Withers are certainly workers. They walk all over these mountains visiting, teaching and singing the gospel. Up Cane Creek we met a wagon between the steep mountains and had to turn back because the wagon

filled all the road. The sun rose at 9 o'clock, and I never saw a lovelier morning, beneath the great forest trees and vines. On the top of Shoulder Blade Mountain, I took a picture of the miles and miles of beautiful mountains. At Miss Ellen Callahan's school, on Shoulder Blade, we saws lots of nice children all dressed in red and blue, jumping a grapevine rope. They were as happy as the children in Lexington, but had no church or preacher. I was sorry for them.

Well, we had a long, hot ride up the river to Canoe. At Mr. Sam. Callahan's we got a good dinner and sent our horses back to Elkatawa. Charley Callahan got an old mule and a little wagon and drove us up to Crockettsville, about eight miles, along the beautiful Kentucky River. Crockettsville is only a post-office. Here I had to stop for want of a horse, but papa went on over the mountain to Buckhorn to preach that night. I know he was tired enough after such a ride. He sent for me the next morning. We had to climb a mountain called Bunker Hill, which was the worst I ever saw. At 9 o'clock I reached the Log College, and it is beautiful. It sets on a mountain brow, opposite the church on Laurel Point, with a lovely valley between. Mr. and Mrs. Murdoch and Mrs. Gordon live nearby, and Dr. and Mrs. Saunders occupy a room in the college. I wish you could see those Highland boys and girls. They come jumping out of the bushes and crowd the chapel and sing for all they are worth. You couldn't hear me at all. They have actually learned to play croquet and baseball and swing on a flying Dutchman.

Papa preached every morning at 8 o'clock in the college chapel, and at night in the church. You never saw

such a path up the mountain to the church, before they made a new one. It was like climbing a tree. But they all got there and crowded the church. I never saw the like of babies, and they didn't whimper the whole time. So many people joined the church (forty-three I believe) and Mr. Murdoch baptized thirty-five at one time. Would you believe it, I found a little namesake of yours up here at Mr. Jack Gross's, between two big mountains. They call her Annie Guerrant, and all say she looks like you. Of course, she is a beauty. She has three older sisters—Cora, Dora and Delora—and all very pretty, bright girls.

I stopped to see a woman who weaves blankets on a big loom in the front porch. It was a curiosity.

The men were building the new girl's dormitory out of great hemlock logs, all sawed square. It will be beautiful. This is the only college in this big country, and the people are very proud of it. One day four hundred crowded into the chapel to hear the exercises.

Well, we started home at 6 o'clock in the morning, on two mules. You ought to have seen me. I know I looked like a horsefly on that big mule, but I stuck to him, and he brought me through all right. My valise handles broke, and we had to tie it on with a rope. Papa stopped to see Mr. and Mrs. Cochran, our missionaries on Turner's Creek, and preached in Gordon Chapel at 10 o'clock. For a wonder, there was a good congregation on Thursday morning. Dr. Saunders came this far with us, and remained to preach over Sunday.

I don't think I ever saw such a poor country as this. It is pitiful.

Papa stopped and preached again at Canoe, at 2

o'clock, and we had to hustle those mules across the mountains, ten miles, to Elkatawa by dark. It was all of thirty miles the way we came, and I didn't have to be rocked to sleep that night. Mr. Arthur McDaniel walked the whole distance and beat us to Elkatawa. He came to take the mules back. I tell you, these Highlanders are walkers! He must have passed us while papa was preaching.

Well, I guess you are glad we are back, so I will give you a rest now.

GRACE.

ON THE GRAPEVINE.

Dear Anne:

You don't get many letters from the mountains, so I thought I would write you one. Papa promised to take me with him the next time he went to the mountains to preach, so we started on the 10th of July, and at Lexington took the Kentucky Union Railroad for the mountains. We went one hundred miles to Jackson, in Breathitt County. The road went up the Red River, where the big cliffs stand up on both sides of the road, hundreds of feet high. Many of the mountains have rocks on top like domes, bigger than a church. They are grand. The river was lined with beautiful flowers of ivy and laurel.

I saw some men cutting oats with a big scythe, with fingers on it; papa said they were cradling. That was curious to me. One big tree was growing on top of a big rock. About six o'clock in the evening we reached Jackson, on the north fork of the Kentucky River. It

is a very nice town, and we have a church and college there, where they had none a few years ago.

On Wednesday morning we started for the mountains in Perry County. Mr. Charles Little, papa's friend, went along with us, and took his niece, Miss Kate Patrick, to help sing. He had two buggies; we rode in one and they in the other. Papa brought a little Estey organ and we tied it on behind our wagon.

We went up the Kentucky River ten miles to the mouth of Troublesome Creek. Here we got into trouble enough. We had to get out and help the wagon down the rocky stairsteps in the road. We went up Troublesome a mile, and then went up Lost Creek ten miles, and the man there said there were ten thousand big saw logs in that creek. I never saw the like. The little houses all had martin boxes, but no yard nor shade.

Down on Troublesome we saw some ladies bare-footed, and one old lady had shoes on but no stockings, and one had on a dress shorter than mine. I guess she must have been an old maid.

The mountains were very steep, but had corn growing on their sides nearly to the top. They can't plow them up and down, but crossways. We saw coal-mines all along the road, just sticking out of the mountains. Some times we rode over solid coal-beds, and the biggest trees I ever saw grow along the creeks and rivers. They are awfully big. We saw a big boy who had only a shirt on, and most of the men were bare-footed, but they were very clever.

When we went ten miles up Lost Creek, we turned up a creek called "Ten Mile" Creek. Well, it was awful. I thought we had passed bad roads, but we were just

beginning them. Three men went along to cut trees and roll logs and rocks out of the road. And such a road! over big rocks and logs and steep banks, and deep holes and around splash-dams. I thought our buggy would be smashed all to pieces. The horse pulled one trace in two, and a big rock broke a spoke out of the buggy. Sometimes we had to walk and climb. When we rode over the rocks we couldn't keep our hats on. Sometimes I bumped papa, and sometimes he bumped me. It was too funny. Papa got a man to lead the horse around a big tree on the mountain while he and another man held the buggy. The horse got strangled, and the man cried out, "Here's a dead horse," and scared me nearly to death. But they got the horses up and we went on over a mountain to the Grapevine Creek. Here we had a time getting down the mountain, the path was so steep and sidelong. Mr. Little's horse went over the mountain-side; he jerked him back and he fell down, with the buggy on him. Papa and some men helped take him out, and then the buggy ran away down the mountain and broke the shaft. Then they all took our horse out and got the buggy down to the foot of the mountain by the hardest work.

Papa said this was my vacation trip. I think it was. I never saw as much in my life. The day seemed a week long. The road down the Grapevine was no road at all. Mr. Little and papa had to walk and lead and roll the big logs out of the way. It took us five hours to go seven miles. We got to the mouth of Grapevine about dark, twenty-seven miles by the road we came, and about forty by the river, above Jackson. Papa had a friend living there named Dr. Wilson, but we could

not get our buggies to his house so we crossed the river and stayed at Mr. Tom. Johnson's. They are very clever people, indeed. Papa and Mr. Little went over the river and stayed at Dr. Wilson's.

Mr. Sawyers, our missionary, was there. Papa is preaching in the little school-house, on the bank of the river, and it is crowded at 10 A. M. and 4 P. M. Miss Kate Patrick and I play the little organ, the first one ever played in the county for worship. Emma Johnson has the only one in the county. The people are very clever and attentive, and most of them walk to church. About twenty-five have joined, and Mr. Johnson was the first one, and one old man nearly seventy, and one real pretty little girl named Dora Duff. Mr. Johnson is a leading man in the country, and lives in the only brick house.

We went swimming in the river one evening; it was about a foot deep, and we had lots of fun. It is very cool, and very quiet in these mountains. Sunday we are going to take dinner to church, and have an all-day meeting. Next week we are going to Hazard, the only town in Perry County. They say the road up Campbell's Creek and down "Forked Mouth" Creek is worse than "Ten Mile" and Grapevine. I pity it, if it is. But I guess we will go it. Papa is going to preach on Big Creek next week. When you get tired and want a vacation, come to Grapevine. The people will be glad to see you. They are clever as can be. Good-bye,

Your sister,

GRACE.

TO BIG CREEK.

Dear Anne:

My last letter brought you to the mouth of the Grapevine Creek. Well, we had a big meeting there Sunday, from 10 A. M. till 5 P. M., two hours for dinner. There was a crowd—the school-house was packed—and it was so hot that I could hardly get my breath. Papa preached morning and evening; thirty-five joined; and he had to baptize most of them, as they had never been baptized. Some people had to stand out in the rain. Monday morning we bade all good-bye and started to Big Creek. The roads were worse and worse. One clever man went along to hold the buggy. We went up the Kentucky River, and then up Campbell's Creek and across an awful mountain to Forked Mouth Creek. Oh, me! A bad boy would say it was "forked lightning." We got down it alive, by walking and climbing, and leading, and holding the buggies. The mountains and rocks just covered up the road entirely. We passed a little school-house, and all the children ran out to see the buggies. They were curiosities to them. One little boy said he lived on a creek, but didn't know its name. He saw big rattlesnakes up there, too. One funny man was riding an ox, and had a bedquilt for a saddle and bark for his girth. Another man had an ox geared up like a horse, and was ploughing him. One old lady was carrying her baby, and a little pig was following her like a dog. When she stopped, it lay down at her feet. One little house had a pole put up in the yard, and three bottles hung on its top for ornaments. There were no trees in the

yard. One lady had a naked tree full of egg-shells, like a snow-ball bush. It was funny to me.

Well, after a hard journey over mountains and more creeks, we reached Big Creek. Papa had been there before, and the good people came up the road to meet us. I never saw cleverer people, though they are not rich, nor proud. Kate and I stayed at Mr. Field's, up on Big Creek, and Mr. Little and papa had to stay down at Mr. Wiley Couch's, as there was not room for us all at one house. Papa preached in the school-house four days, and twenty-seven joined the church. He organized a church there. We met some nice girls at Big Creek. One of them told us she could sing twice as loud as we could, and I believe it. We went fishing and caught some nice fish and ate them. The people were so clever, we enjoyed our visit there. The little deaf boy who joined the church before was there; he is a smart boy, and can talk a little. He is going to the Institute at Danville. His name is Willie Fugate.

On Friday evening we crossed the mountain, and went to Hazard, the county seat. It is a little town of about one hundred people. It used to have a bad name, because so many people were killed there. It is better now. The Methodist Church is not quite done and ours is just begun. The river runs between the town and the mountains. They never had a church here before. Papa preached in the court-house. Many people came to church, and twenty-three joined. He preached in the jail one day, and three poor prisoners joined. It was an awful place, and I felt sorry for them. The doors were iron bars, and big bolts and locks to hold them safe. A mountain preacher came to church, and he had been

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shot in the ear by some bad men. They said he killed their hogs. A big freshet came down the river and carried away hundreds of big saw-logs. They said a water-spout broke on a creek called "Kingdom Come."

We walked up the river one day and met two men carrying a hundred fish, called red horses. They were very pretty. We climbed to the very top of a big mountain with Mr. Sawyers, and he said we could see the Cumberland Mountains away off. There were some Indian graves up there. The mountains were covered with trees broken down by the big snow in May. On Tuesday morning papa preached at Hazard the last time, and we started, after dinner, to Jackson, forty miles away, over the mountains. They have no regular hotel at Hazard. Somebody burned the hotel up a year ago.

We drove twenty miles Tuesday evening down the river, up Lot's Creek, and down Lost Creek, to Mr. Watts', which we reached about dark. The road was pretty bad. We were almost turned over in Lost Creek once in a big hole full of big rocks. Mr. Little's harness kept breaking, until he tied it with wire. One clever old lady said I looked the "naturalest." I don't know what she meant. Maybe she thought I favored papa. When we played the organ they wondered why we worked our feet. They couldn't understand it. But they are clever as they can be, and one of them told papa that they were poor, but their souls were worth as much as rich people's. We saw no churches and met few preachers, and they were not educated. We got up at 4 o'clock this morning and started to Jackson at 6 o'clock, and by hard driving reached here at 12 o'clock.

So our long journey over the mountains is ended, and we are alive.

Your sister,

GRACE.

JETT'S CREEK.

It was a cold day when I started to Jett's Creek, and a long way; but they had urged so persistently I could not refuse. A hundred miles took me to Elkatawa, where I spent the night with Brother Evans, the faithful Welsh missionary. He is a "light in a dark place"; salt that has not lost its savor. The world needs more such men, with the spirit of the Master.

Six o'clock next morning found me on the way to Jett's Creek, several miles from the railroad, on the beautiful Middle Fork of the Upper Kentucky River. "Proctor Bill" met me at Athol with a led horse, and went with me to the old school-house, on Jett's Creek, where I preached at 10 A. M. Saturday.

There is no church here, though the valley is filled with people, and nearly one hundred children in this district alone. They beg for a good school and church, and offer all they are able to help build them. One old man with a big family and a grown son, born blind, said he would give any land he had and $150.00 to have a good school and church. The others were equally anxious and liberal. I wonder how they get any money in so poor and wild a country. Most of it is made by hewing out railroad ties and floating them down the river to market. Only children are abundant. I dined in a little two-room house, with a young couple, who

had seven, and I spent the night where there were twelve, and I have never seen a finer lot of children. Many of them go bare-footed all winter and some of them until they are grown; few of them are warmly clad. But they are happy and content and love their mountain homes, with a strange idolatry. I begged for one bright boy out of seven, in an open hovel, of one room, to be indignantly refused. He wouldn't go to the "palace of a king." They must be saved and educated at home. Night found me far up on Puncheon Camp, after preaching at 2 P. M. I crossed the river and stopped awhile at "Proctor Bill's" poor, little cabin, under the mountain, away from anywhere. I am glad generous hands have given him help to provide a better home soon. The Puncheon Campers are aroused to the need of a good school and church, and old Man Herald gave the most beautiful site on the river for a church and college—several acres at the mouth of Puncheon Camp. His son gave all the timber to erect all the buildings and $100.00 besides. Others were as liberal. I have never known the Highlanders so enthusiastic in their zeal for better things. They are beginning to realize, as never before, their sore need of both education and religion. The light is breaking on this mid-continent of darkness. They need, and deserve, the help of all who love God and their fellowmen. They are anxious to help themselves, and surely heaven will help them. Will it do it by your hand?

Early Sunday morning found us on the way to the Foreign Field on Jett's Creek. It was a raw, November day, and I never so felt the utter desolation of these poor, barren mountains, with the wild waste of rocks and

peaks and little cabins. Surely Bryant must have been in such a country when he wrote:

> "The melancholy days are come,
> The saddest of the year;
> Of wailing winds, and naked woods,
> And meadows brown and sere."

The paths and roads were full of people going to church, mostly on foot, or two on a horse. Mrs. Little and her children rose at 3 A. M. to get ready to walk three miles to church, down the river and up Jett's Creek. At 10 A. M. the house was crowded, some standing up. Before me sat old Grandmother McIntosh, with the three-year-old grandchild in her arms, over whose possession her sixteen-year-old son was killed, and her son-in-law was desperately wounded last week. Oh, for the Gospel of peace and good-will in this country! Whose sin is it that they do not have it? It is somebody's. May God help you, if it is yours.

At 2 P. M. the house was crowded again, this bleak November day, though nine-tenths of the people walked home and back. What a privilege to preach to such people. When I was done, I asked all Christians, who had changed hearts and loved God, to stand up. Probably a score stood, mostly women. I then asked all who wished to be Christians and desired to have changed hearts and to love and serve God, to stand up; and every one in the house stood up. No man can read human hearts, but I hope and expect to meet many of them beyond these desolate mountains in the Paradise of God. No man deserves such a reward, but they need and de-

serve it as much as any I know. They are "The Lost Sheep" for whom the Good Shepherd is seeking.

A hard ride brought me back to Athol by night. In a poor, little cabin of one room and shed, I found the badly wounded man, hopeful of recovery. But it is nothing to the more grievous wounds Satan is daily inflicting on these immortal souls, for whom Christ died.

Are you doing your duty by them? Search and see.

THE LUCKY THIRTEEN.—OR THE LADIES' EXCURSION.

They did not go to Niagara, or Old Point Comfort, or Atlantic City; or for fun, or health, or fashion.

This excursion party was composed of the Ladies' Working Society of the Wilmore Church, Kentucky, and went to see and encourage and help their poor brethren in the mountains. Like Paul's party of old, 'they took up their carriages" and went to worship in the humble temples of the mountaineers. Thirteen ladies going on an excursion without a trunk was a "wonder to behold."

So they went with only such baggage as they could carry in their hands. It was the first, and, so far as I know, the only excursion of the kind. They went over the new and beautiful route of the Kentucky Union Railroad, from Lexington, which penetrates the heart of the Kentucky Mountains. They took a preacher along, to be certain of having preaching. This was a new feature of excursion parties.

Their first stop was at Stanton, the quiet, cosy capital

of Powell County, in the beautiful valley of the Red River. Here Rev. Andrew Irvine presided over the first and only Presbyterian Church ever built in the county, and it is yet in its infancy. He and his good people gave the excursionists a royal welcome—a sumptuous supper and a sermon in the little new church. Here the ladies spent a day making the acquaintance of their sisters and brethren, and enjoying the sights of the pretty mountain village, and encouraging the little church with the assurance of brotherly (or sisterly) love and sympathy.

From Stanton they went up the romantic Red River, through one continuous cañon of overhanging cliffs, and under a mountain to the Kentucky River, thence down the river to Beattyville, the county seat of Lee, on her seven hills, overlooking the three forks of the river. Here they arrived at 6 P. M., and at 8 P. M. had another sermon from their preacher, in the courthouse. Rev. Alexander Henry, the pastor of the first Presbyterian Church in the city, received them, most cordially, with his people, and entertained them until the next evening. During the day, they saw the sights of the Gate City of the mountains, visited many of the church members, enjoyed their Christian hospitality, and rejoiced with them over their new church being built. At 4 P. M. they resumed their journey, by boat and rail, to Athol, on the border of "Bloody Breathitt"—no longer bloody, but blessed with the blood-bought salvation of Jesus. Here they spent the Sabbath, most of it, in the little new church, the first Presbyterian Church ever built in Lee County, and which they had helped to build with their needles.

At 11 A. M. their preacher preached the dedication sermon. The house was filled with eager listeners, most all of whom had walked for miles through the rain and mud.

There was not a wheeled vehicle at the church, and but few horses. The earnest people prized the Gospel enough to walk many miles to hear it. And they were not tired out with the sermon, but spread a bountiful dinner, fed all the multitude, and listened to another sermon from Brother Mickel, and the election and ordination of some new officers.

The excursionists enlarged their liberality and paid off the debt on the little church,—and laid up more treasures in heaven,—and rejoiced that the "poor have the Gospel preached to them." Probably they never spent a more pleasant or profitable day than that under the shadow of the mountains, in the little church on the Twin Creek.

You don't wonder that "God came down to see," and was so pleased that He added forty-eight souls to the church that week, and forty-eight jewels to the Redeemer's crown, and forty-eight reasons for rejoicing on earth and in heaven.

After thanking God for what they had seen and felt of His abounding goodness, and learning something of the great needs of their poor brethren in the mountains, and being watered themselves, while watering other thirsty spirits, the ladies went on to Jackson, the growing capital of Breathitt County.

They reached the little mountain city about 7 P. M., and at 8 o'clock all went to church again, where their preacher preached in the Presbyterian Church to a

crowded house, the first church ever built in the town or county, now with plenty of company, and hundreds of earnest Presbyterians where there were none.

The good people of Jackson (and there are none better) received them in their homes and hearts, showed them their handsome court-house, their new Presbyterian College (the first college in the mountains of Kentucky), and their many commodious stores and comfortable homes.

So ended the excursion of the lucky thirteen, the first Gospel excursion to the poor brethren in the mountains. It would be difficult to tell whether they received or communicated the greater good. God blesses both the giver and the receiver.

FROM THE LOST CREEK.

As you have probably never been in this neighborhood, and would not object to read about it, I will send you a line to enlist your sympathy and stimulate your zeal for those who dwell in the land of the Troublesome.

How significant those names, and how naturally and inevitably they are associated! Lost Creek, on the Troublesome! How many thousands live on these sorrowful waters who do not know whence they came, nor wither they go. But as this is not to be a sermon, but a letter, I will proceed.

We left home on Monday, July the 13th, for the mountains of Eastern Kentucky. The first day brought us to Jackson, one hundred miles southeast of Lexington. On Tuesday morning, ten miles up the Kentucky River from

Jackson, brought us to the mouth of the Troublesome, a stream fifty-two miles long. A mile up this swollen river brought us to the mouth of Lost Creek, where we pitched the big tent, in the rain, to preach the Gospel.

A flood had just devastated the Lost Creek for twenty miles, washing everything movable away and drowning the teacher at its mouth. The rain continued almost daily for ten days, so the ground under the tent never got dry.

Even the frogs sought refuge in the houses, and things that could not swim had a hard time to get about. Seven men and seven women, and a score of school children, made up our first congregation. The girls and weather prospects all looked blue, but God smiled away the clouds and brought the people to church.

My daughter, Grace, and her companion, Miss Nannie McCauley, from Troy, made sweet music on the little organ. Harry Cockerham and Elias Moore, our mountain boys, helped with the seating and the singing. A poor fellow died of typhoid fever nearby, and I preached his funeral, in the yard, to a big crowd. So "Billy" Campbell's death, I trust, was a means of grace to some of his neighbors.

Few people in this country are members of any church; those who are, being mostly Hardshell Baptists,—clever and narrow. Only one lone Presbyterian breaks the monotony on Troublesome. He is faithful Nathan Sallee, who joined on the Quicksand last summer, and now lives here.

Owing to the roads and the weather, we had to hold both services by daylight. So we began at 9:30 o'clock in the morning and closed between 4 and 5 o'clock in

the afternoon, with a recess for dinner. During these long hours for ten days these patient people sat on most uncomfortable seats, of rough planks, to hear the Gospel.

They were as well behaved as any city congregation, except the dogs and babies, which occasionally raised a disturbance. But as the boys and mothers could not come without them, we "put up" with a few dozen for ten days. You may not appreciate the fact, but this is a triumph of grace. The man who has not attained it had better keep out of the mountains.

Some generous friends in New York had sent me some two hundred and fifty Bibles and Testaments, which I gave to all who had none. Thousands of tracts and newspapers were gladly received. Few people here ever get any newspaper, especially a religious paper.

I made all who received a Bible or Testament promise to preserve it and read it daily. They received them gladly, and I believe will read them diligently. My heart was moved when I saw how many families were without the Word of God, and how eagerly they sought it—some of them coming miles over rough mountain roads for a Testament.

The congregations increased, until Sunday the big tent was filled, and after preaching I gave the first invitation for all who had received Jesus and would publicly confess Him to come forward, and over one hundred came up, not counting members of the church.

It was the Day of Pentecost on Troublesome. None had ever seen the like before. Most of them were men and women, and some well stricken in years. I noticed the absence of children. Probably they could not yet understand the plainest preaching, not being accustomed

to it. The little school-house here affords the only place of worship, with no Sabbath schools, or prayer meeting, or regular preaching, for years.

The weather continued fearfully hot, with daily rains, until Thursday. I had set that day to discuss baptism, as no meeting here is complete without it. It constitutes the bulk of most of them. The crowd filled every plank and many sat on the ground. The good Baptist preachers and people were present in force, with a sprinkle of Methodists and my lone Presbyterian. Brother Shewmaker, pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Jackson, and Brother Mann, of the Methodist Church there, came up to-day.

The result of the service to-day was twenty-seven confessions of Christ; thirteen united with the Presbyterian Church; eight with the Methodist, and six with the Baptist. Brother Shewmaker baptized the Presbyterians; I baptized the Methodists, at Brother Mann's request, as he was not ordained. and I recommended the Baptist brethren to their own preachers.

Most of the people are hereditary Baptists and are tenacious of their inheritance, but their ideas need reformation, sometimes. Aunt Ferraby Noble had to be immersed twice, because the water in Leatherwood Creek was not deep enough, so it had to be done over and better, in Troublesome.

But God never made cleverer people, and they deserve better treatment than they have ever received from their more fortunate brethren in the Blue Grass. It is a privilege and pleasure to preach to people who walk miles to church, and sit on rough boards for four hours a day, without a murmur.

It was a sorrow to leave them at last, and know that tens of thousands around them and beyond them in these interminable mountains were as hungry as they, and even more destitute. It ought to move a heart of stone. Will it move yours?

A TEACHER'S LETTER.

FROM THE HIGHLANDS.

My Dear Friend:

Dr. G. has just informed me that you have decided to help a girl in our school, and I thought it would be a satisfaction to you to know something about the college and the conditions surrounding it. We are situated in Breathitt County, long notorious for its deeds of blood and its feuds. A better day is rapidly coming, however, for its people are strong, virile, attractive, and possessed of much native sense. They have been wicked and ignorant from environment, rather than choice.

They have many noble natural qualities, and are very lovable, at least we find them so. Until recent years no one had ever penetrated the fastnesses of these mountains with the Gospel, our beloved Dr. Guerrant being the first to come to them with the message of life, from the great country across the hills. Even yet only about five hundred of the six thousand children of Breathitt County have ever been in the Sunday School.

Many of the grown people cannot read. There are

public schools, but their administration is so inefficient and corrupt that many are practically without any means of education at all. If the children are ever educated and Christianized, it must be through mission schools.

A few of the people are in comfortable circumstances, but a great many of them are wretchedly poor. But there are no nice homes, even among the better-to-do. A three or four-room cabin, with a loft, represents the finest type of a mountain home, and no furniture except the absolute essentials, and that hand-made. When we came here last July the wealthiest family on our creek had an organ. Now there are several. The majority of the cabins have but two rooms, and a great many have only one. The poorness of the homes arises from poverty and ignorance. I feel sure there is enough money spent on whiskey in Breathitt County in two or three years' time to build a decent cottage for every family in the county. Thus as Christianity comes the physical conditions will be bettered.

Our school is called Highland College, and is situated on a lovely mountain stream called Puncheon Camp. Our campus of six acres was given by one of the Highland men of the community. Only a few years ago this was considered one of the most unlikely places on earth for a school. It was one of the worst places in "Bloody Breathitt." His grace can subdue the wildest and most untamed spirits and make them sweet and lovable.

There is a mountain behind us and in front of us, and stretching away in every direction. And night and day, summer and winter, fair weather and foul, the mountains are beautiful. The one in front of the school is an inspi-

ration always. In summer it is a solid mass of verdure, in autumn a flaming bouquet, in winter an imposing spectacle covered with snow, or on rainy days with rippling cascades, great icicles hanging from the cliffs, and sometimes, as to-day, its trees are coated with a glassy mail of ice. Nature is awful here at times, and we have had a terrible winter, but it is always romantic and beautiful. This has been one of the most terrible days of the season. It has rained and sleeted in torrents all day, and the creeks and rivers are greatly swollen. The Kentucky River, just below, has a great "tide," as the high waters are called. A number of our pupils crossed it at the risk of their lives to get to school this morning, and others walked two miles in the sleet and water, some with very poor shoes, too.

We have suffered much this winter from inadequate buildings. We really have no dormitory. There are two little cabins on the campus, in one of which the housekeeper lives, in the other the assistant teachers and part of the boarding pupils. The cottage in which we stay is a crude affair, with four rooms and an attic. Ten boys sleep in the attic. It is very low and narrow, and has but one small window. On all but the coldest nights they have to keep the door open to allow sufficient fresh air. Downstairs, beside my own family (my husband, myself and little boy), I keep seven grown girls. We could have had fifty boarders this year, if we had had the room.

Every night after supper they gather about the fires to study their lessons, and such interesting groups they make. I doubt whether this letter will be coherent; I

have stopped at least twenty times to help with problems and parsing, etc.

We have a nice Sabbath School and a Christian Endeavor Society and prayer meeting. Nearly all of our boys and girls take part in the meetings. A number of them have become Christians.

There is now but little drinking and no fighting on our creek. The most desperate drunkard in the vicinity, and one I never hoped to see reclaimed, sent a request last week to be remembered in the chapel prayers. I feel confident that a great work is before us here, if we can be provided with suitable buildings. Dr. G. is trying very hard to raise money to build us a dormitory and furnish it. Some of our large pupils have slept three in a bed this year. I feel that we can manage most any way for one year, to give our school a start, but one could not hold up always under the existing conditions. We have no private apartment at all, but have to allow all pupils to study and receive all visitors in the room where we sleep. This is rather embarrassing when one has to make one's toilet, or when one is ill. Sometimes men will come in before I get dressed for school, and I have to ask them to go out until I finish. But we live in hopes of better things. I thought last Sunday when another of our dear boys gave his heart to God, that these trifling inconveniences are very little things compared to the rich returns which we get in our work. Now for the little girl which we have chosen for you. Her name is Dora, and she is thirteeen years old. She will be about the fifth grade. Her father is a very poor, deserving young man, one of the Christian men of the

community. I can tell you more about her later, as since she has not been attending school on account of her poverty, I have not become so well acquainted with her as with some of the other children. Only lack of time cuts my letter short in speaking of these dear mountain people. But I must close.

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